VOGUE

OCTOBER 15

Charming price tags

with fashion news attached

How to find your own beauty



Writers in this issue:

Christopher Fry
Gabriel Fielding
Robert Fontaine

50 CENTS



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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

OCTOBER 15, 1957

COVER

The news of green, extended by shoe,
by stocking—and by implication as much as
by colour. In a pale vapourous olive green,
a shoe of reversed calfskin, a leather like
velvet that changes colour at a touch.
This, a straight-sided shoe, low at the back,
pointed toe; by Bally.
The stocking: transparently beige with just
enough green in it to cast a soft green
shadow—Atmosphere, by Phoenix.
Both, to wear with greens,
with taupe or dark brown, grey or black.
Both, at Altman's.
Making green eyes greener: Charles of the Ritz
Fern eye shadow stick. Drinking in the new
colour, a fine tall wineglass by Lobmeyr.
Marble-translucent floor: Amtico vinyl tiles.



RAWLINGS

FASHION

60 The furry fur with a charming price tag
63 Beauty-prospecting fur hat; under-coat dress
64 Two new evening ideas from Balenciaga
66 Four new "Audrey Hepburn" looks from Givenchy
68 The mohair rage—Paris, London
80-84 At-home clothes: the new brilliants
85 The sweater set-up—night and day
86-89 The charming price tag; fashion news attached
90 Pale looks in autumn dresses
94 Three new suits—jacket length a point
96 Mink—new lengths, new leeway
98 Amber laces, Paris and New York
100 The 8 o'clock blouse—new dinner chic
102-109 Fashion in a country climate: furs, sweaters, coats, shoes
110 Paris clothes for the 7 to 12's—in America now
112 Vogue Patterns: three evening situations

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

53 Vogue's eye view of "the year the Queen came to visit"
56 H.R.H., the Duke of Edinburgh
58 Fifth Avenue: New York's parade ground
70-75 Party for France in Texas. Distinguished visitors going to the Neiman-Marcus Quinzaine
76 People Are Talking About . . . Kim Novak
78 Three American Artists
92 "Enjoying the Accidental." By Christopher Fry
93 "The Young Bloods." A short story by Gabriel Fielding
111 "Ask the Butterfly." A short story by Robert Fontaine
114 Gossipy Memo on Travel

FASHIONS IN LIVING

115, 118 Decorating ideas: open stock, open choice
117 "The Less Known Wines of France." By Tom Marvel
122 Decorating without Dogma: the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. José Reinares

BEAUTY

61 How to find your own beauty; face-finding facts from NBC-TV's make-up chief

DEPARTMENTS

48 Shop Hound

With the next issue, the November 1 issue, the newsstand price of Vogue will be raised to sixty cents. We make this change, regretfully, because the cost of distributing the magazine has greatly increased.

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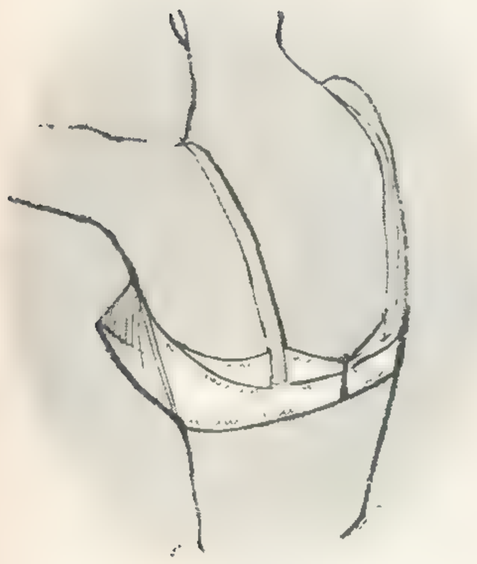

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Here's the first and only elastic bra that's firm where a bra should be firm!

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Criss-cross cut *double elastic* under the arms. It's more supple and stronger, *lasts* much longer than ordinary elastic bras!



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Spectator



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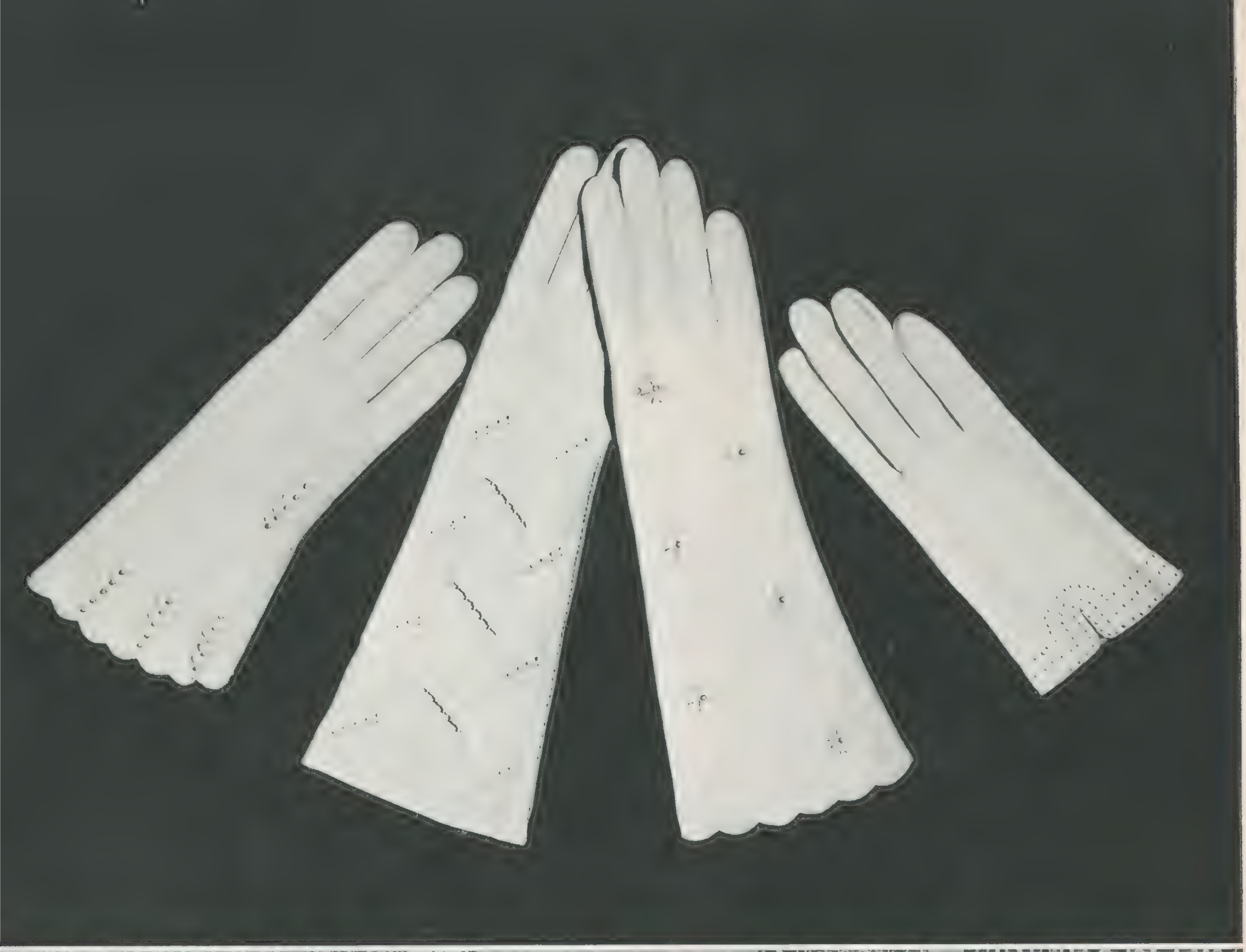
...A'gleam with the soft, warm luster of the finest cultured pearls... the basically beautiful accessory you will choose again and again for complementing all your fashions.

One to five strands $2 to $20.
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Put yourself in Van Raalte's hands—and your glove life will look up! These, in our exclusive deluxe nylon Reindoe, are so soft, so washable, so smart. Your choice? Limitless. From neat little shorties to the very new longer lengths. All designed to meet your sleeves, all hand-detailed and paved with pearls. At the nicest stores. Shown here, from left to right:

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#264. Hand-embroidered heraldic motif, pearl-centered. $3.00.

#508. The longer shortie, edged with pearls. $3.00.

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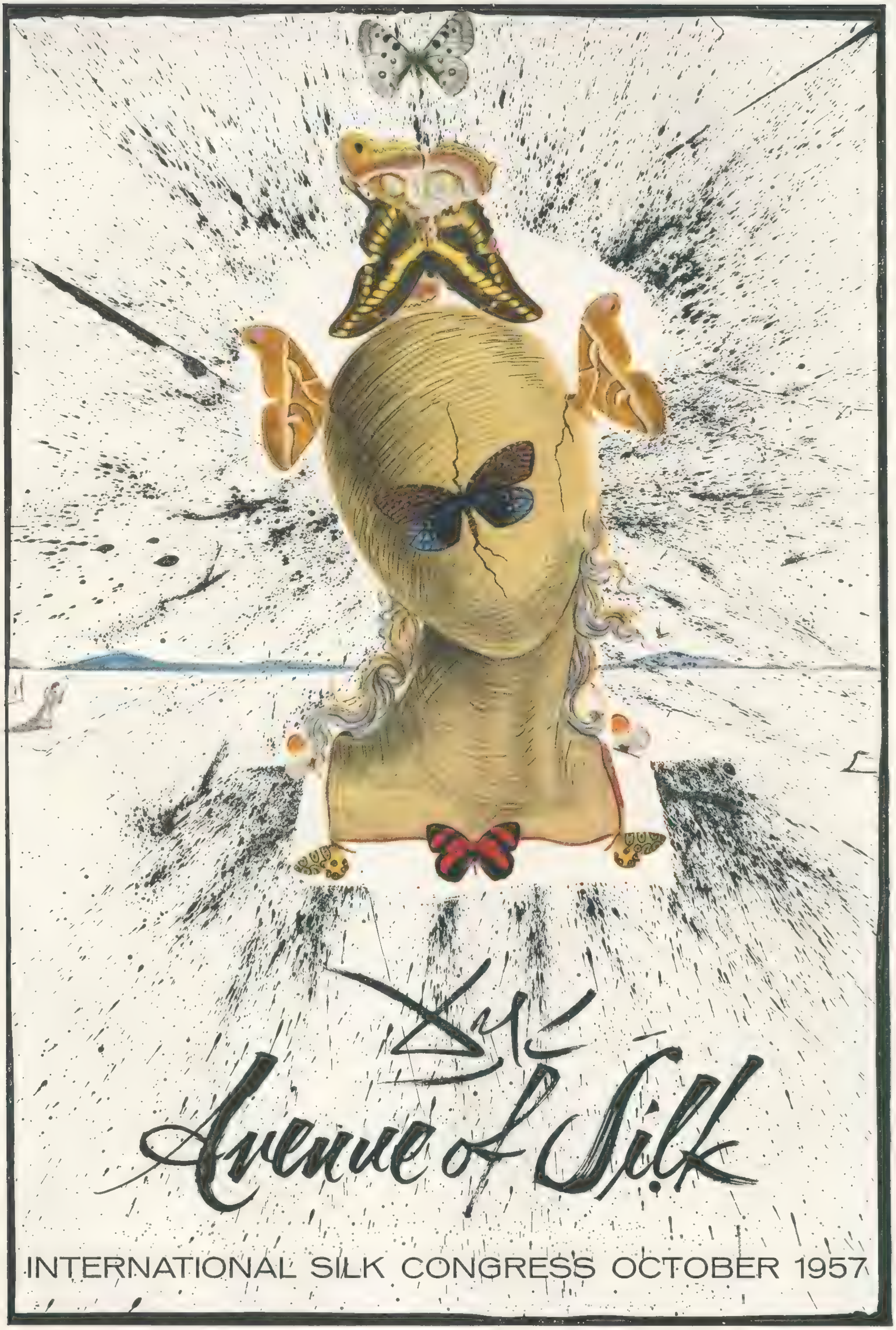
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To celebrate this high honor, the nation's great stores are
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Avenue of Silk
INTERNATIONAL SILK CONGRESS OCTOBER 1957



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Does perfect detail please her? Then she will love the exquisite **Lady Elgin Valera**
Gleaming 14K natural or white gold case. Circlet end pieces. 23 jewels. Shock-resistant.





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new! 23 jewels

Duralube jewels—with a special affinity for oil—a jewel to guard every important point of wear.



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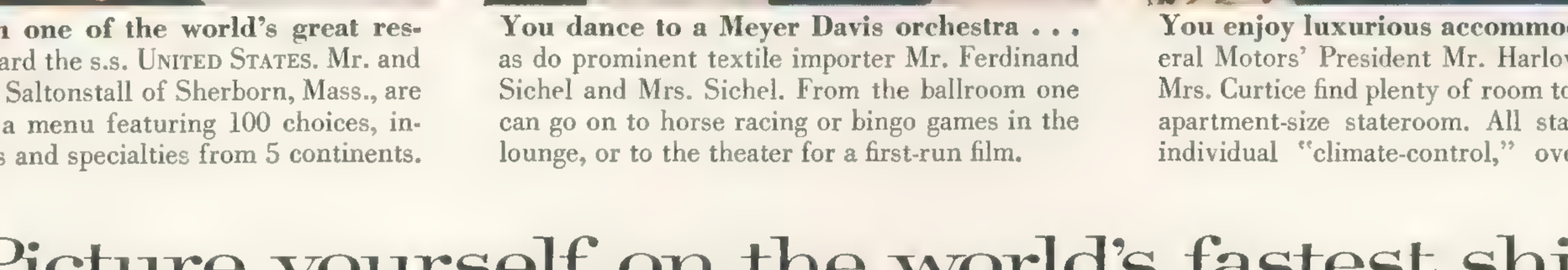
You dance to a Meyer Davis orchestra . . . as do prominent textile importer Mr. Ferdinand Sichel and Mrs. Sichel. From the ballroom one can go on to horse racing or bingo games in the lounge, or to the theater for a first-run film.



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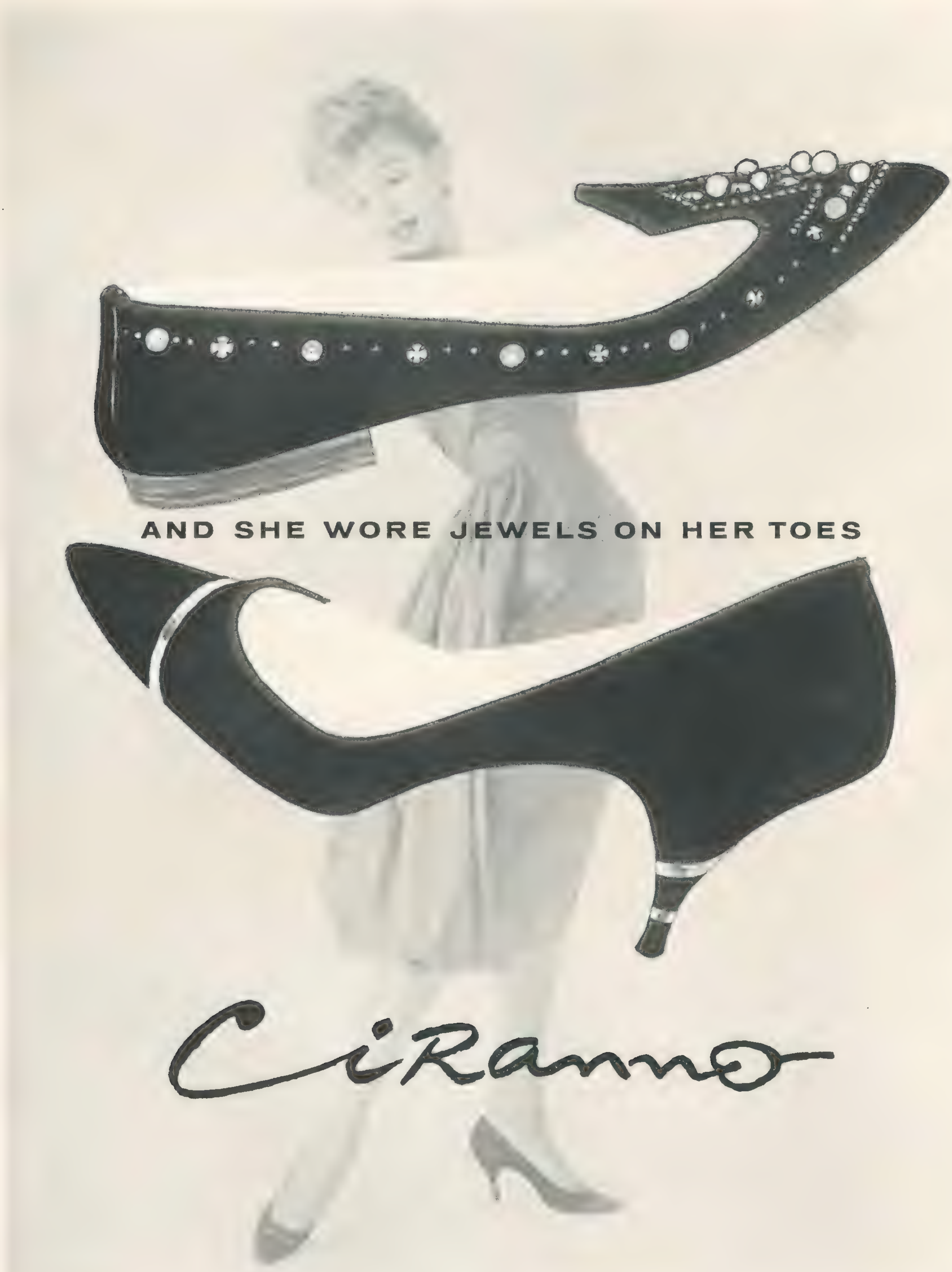
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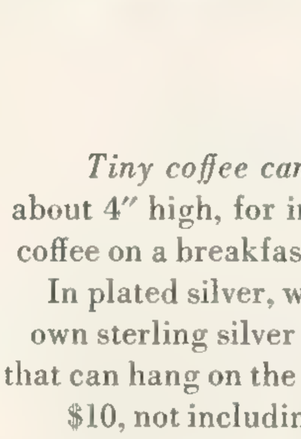
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Left: 14K yellow gold, bracelet model, $275. *Center:* 14K white or yellow gold, $145. *Right:* 14K white gold. 8 full-cut flawless diamonds, $350. Other fine Omega watches for men and women, $75 to $10,500, incl. Fed. tax. Write Omega, 655 Madison Ave., New York 21, for free style booklet "N" and name of nearest authorized Omega jeweler.

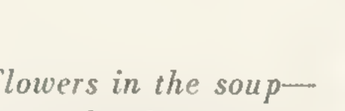


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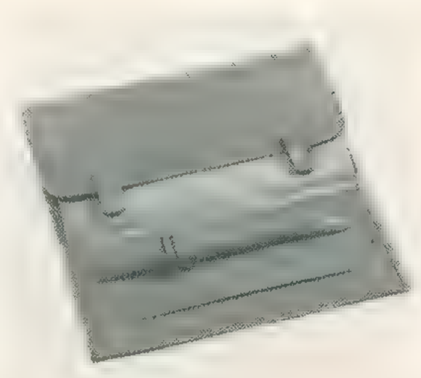
SHOP



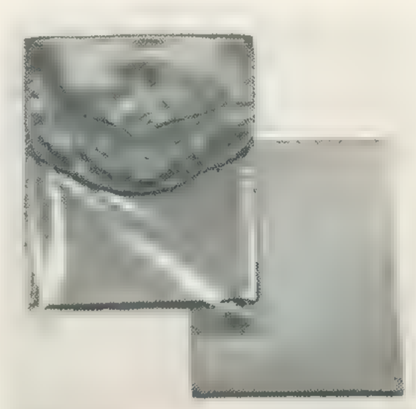
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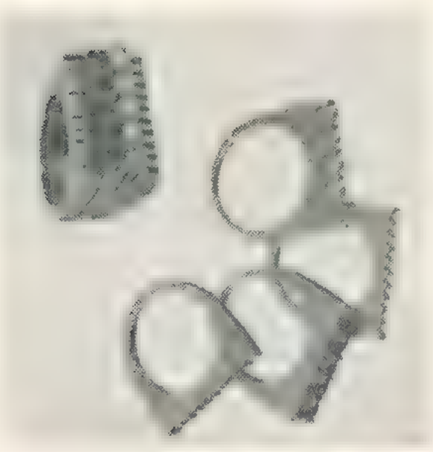


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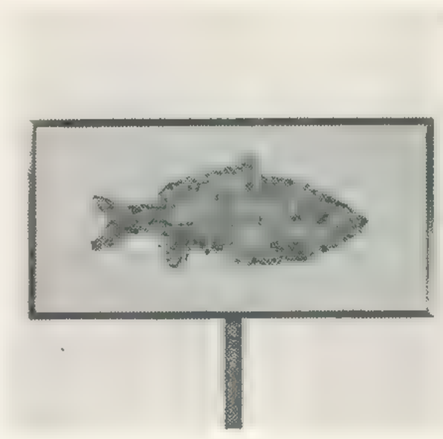


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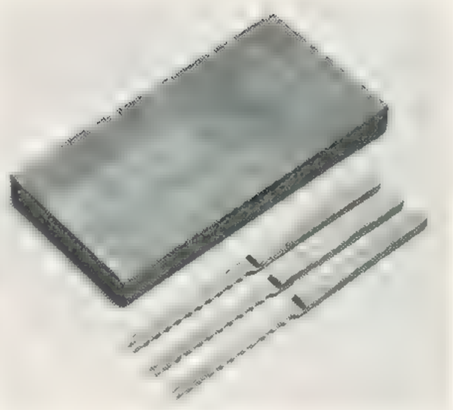
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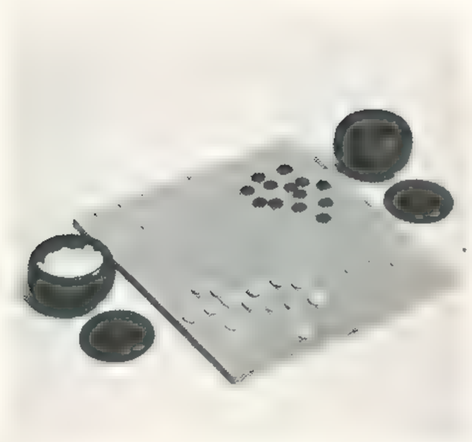
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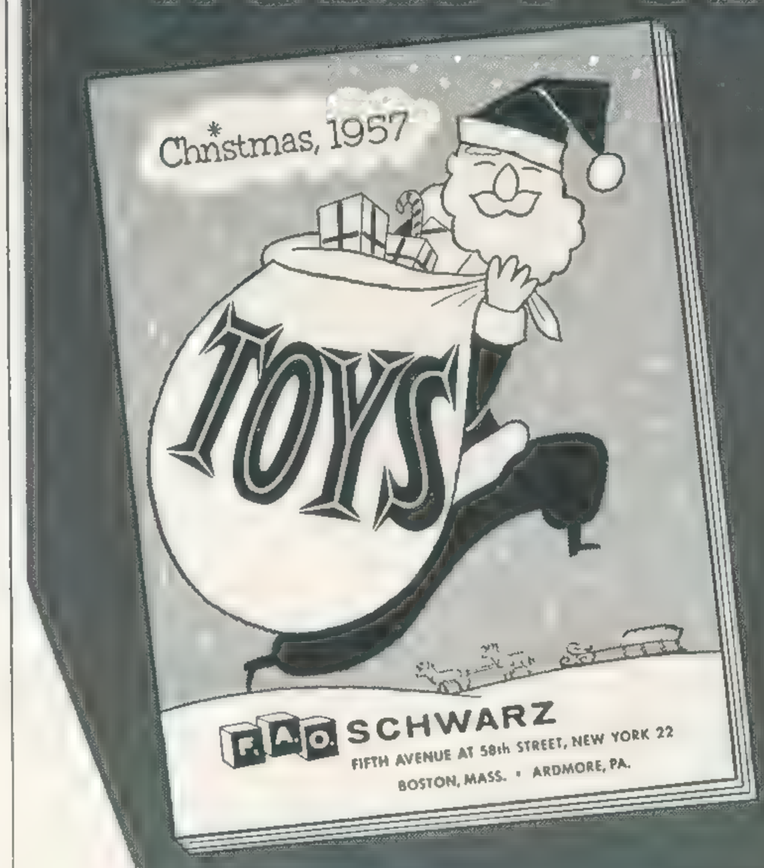
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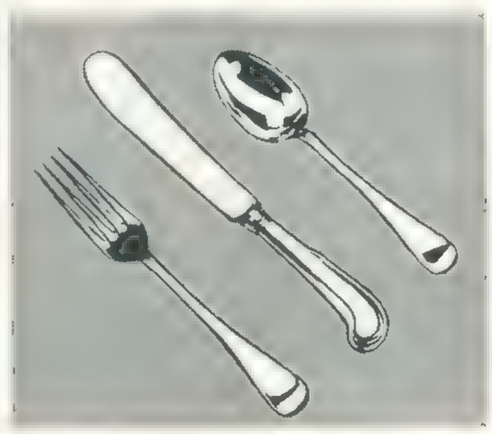
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VOGUE
OCTOBER 15, 1957

Vogue's eye view of "the year of the Queen's visit"



The extraordinary gold, silver, and jewelled statuette of Queen Elizabeth II in her coronation robes, by Italian sculptor Renato Signorini; part of his exhibition now at Tiffany's.

To the quickening excitement of a new season is added, this year, a special flourish—an extraordinary event that sets it apart from other seasons, other years: a Royal Visit. For the first time as Queen, Elizabeth II of England is scheduled to visit the United States, accompanied by her husband, Prince Philip. The visit is to be a short one, from October sixteenth to twenty-first, and crowded, as always, with official engagements (though these include, rather pleasantly, a football game). Most Americans will not catch even a glimpse of the charming young Queen—so much prettier in real life than in even the prettiest of her photographs—and her handsome consort. Yet their presence on these shores, (*Continued on next page*)



seen or unseen, will be felt in a widening ripple of excitement, enchantment. Their visit gives the autumn of this year a special sparkle, a gala air that may outlast the whirlwind trip itself. Perhaps this will be remembered as "the year the Queen came." In any event, few Americans will not wish her a hearty welcome. Fewer still—if their paths should lie along any of the official routes in Jamestown or Washington or New York—will not crane to get a glimpse of the young couple in the passing limousine that flies the Royal Standard.



There is more to this welcoming wave of excitement than pure romanticism; much more than pure curiosity. There is also the solid, ungrudging respect that most of us feel for a young woman, barely out of her twenties, who performs an enormously complicated and taxing job with courage and sensitivity, industry and intelligence. We all know women who complain about the difficulties of life (at times, perhaps, we all *are* such women): the stresses of raising children, trying to help in the community, serving on committees, school boards, church groups, or combining a family and a job. These women might consider, on a straight woman-hour basis, the life of the young woman in the limousine,



who is the head not of two or three charitable committees, but of almost every worthy organization in the British Commonwealth; who serves not one community, but a whole complex of them; inspires not one Cub Scout troop, but thousands all over the world; who is not only a temporal, but a spiritual leader; and who must conduct her private life and supervise her children's education in a constant glare of publicity, a clamour of public discussion.



As we join our welcome to that of other Americans, we recall words written by Elizabeth Bowen, in this magazine, at the time of the Queen's Coronation in 1953: "What has to be the extent of her dedication, only she knows. How dare we compute the weight of the Crown?"

H. M. Queen Elizabeth II, sketched by Eric



H. R. H. The Prince Philip,

Duke of Edinburgh—

sailor, scientist, sportsman



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1. Captain-General of the Royal Marines: at parade at Eastney.
2. Polo at Cowdray Park—his team, the "Mariners."
3. Strolling at Balmoral, in tweed jacket and knickerbockers.
4. Attending annual British Aircraft Display at Farnborough.
5. At a boxing competition in Wembley Stadium: congratulating manager of winning team.
6. Departing from London Airport for Kenya with his wife, then Princess Elizabeth, in 1952.
7. Cricketing: at annual charity match held at Arundel Castle.
8. With the Queen, an ardent racing fan, at Ascot: June, 1957.
9. Scientific Prince: opening the Holme Sluices and Flood Protection Scheme, Nottingham.
10. Wedding guest: leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster.
11. At Windsor, inspecting some visiting Canadian Mounties.
12. Polo at Sutton Park, Surrey. The President of Turkey once gave him a string of polo ponies.
13. In the Royal Box: Command Performance, London Coliseum.
14. Sailing his Dragon Class boat, "Bluebottle," Rothesay on Clyde.
15. On his 1956 tour, inspecting a rubber plantation in Malaya.
16. Speaker: at a National Savings Rally in London.
17. Sailing at Gibraltar, 1957.
18. His favourite uniform: that of the Royal Navy, in which he served actively from 1939 to 1951.

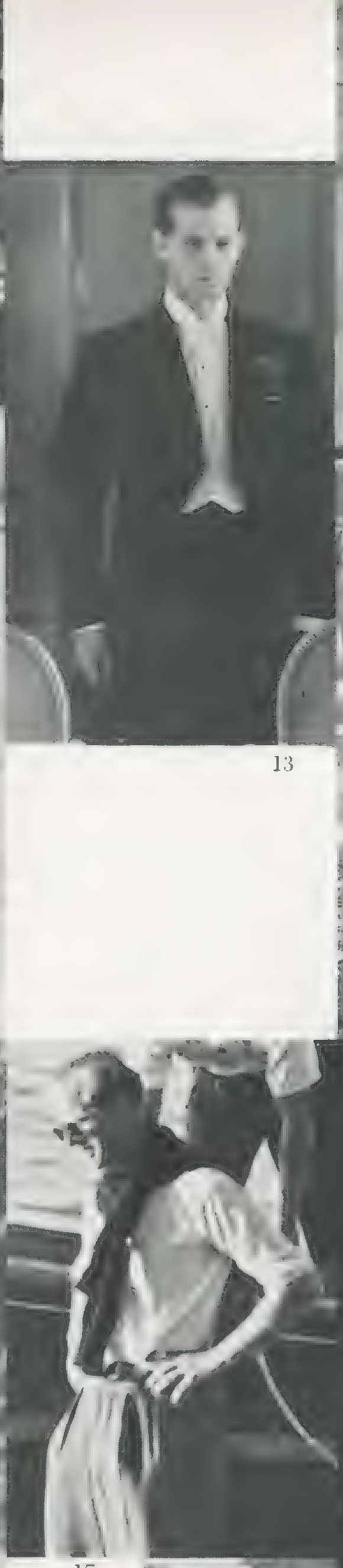


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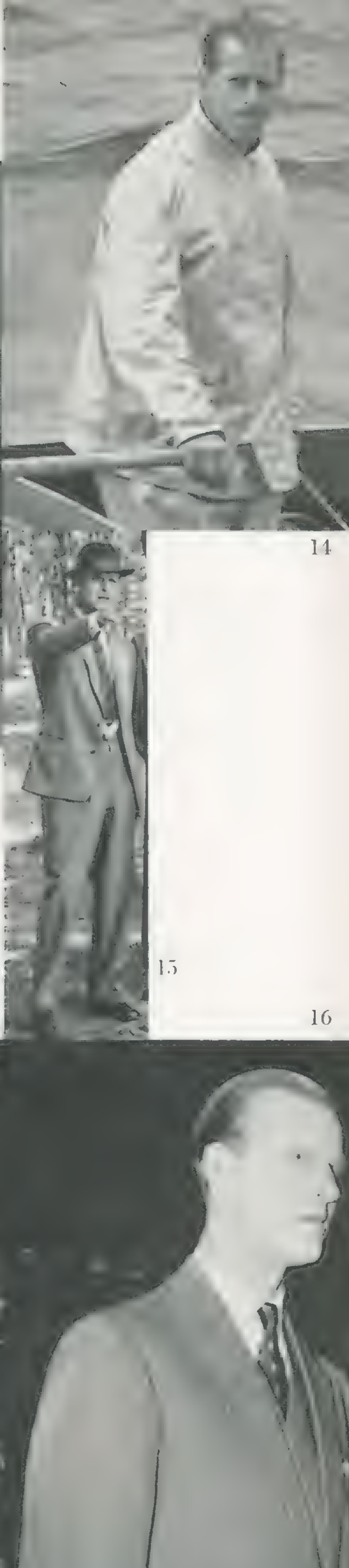
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18



1853. One of the earliest recorded parades on Fifth Avenue: the National Guard at Washington Square.



1860. For the Prince of Wales: torchlight procession by firemen.



1865. For General Grant, parade at the end of the Civil War.

Fifth Avenue, New York's Parade Ground

for over a hundred years,

has seen parades in honour of

heroes and princes. The next royalty:

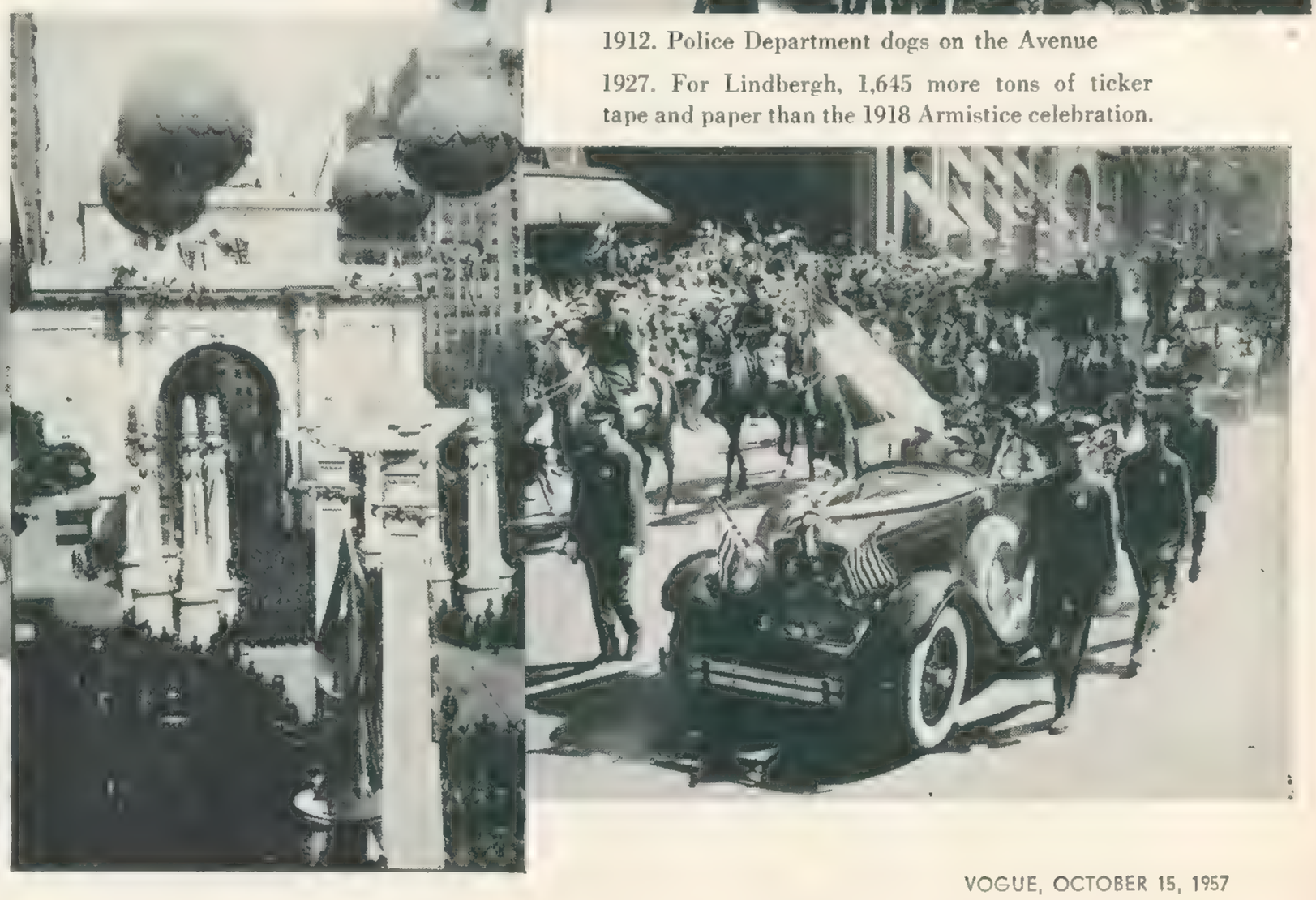
Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain.



1912. Police Department dogs on the Avenue

1927. For Lindbergh, 1,645 more tons of ticker tape and paper than the 1918 Armistice celebration.

1919. A Victory Parade after World War I.





1917. Parade for the famous Twenty-seventh Division, leaving for World War I.



1871. Caledonian Society marching



1909. Celebrating Fulton's Hudson River Steamboat, and anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson River.





1899. For Admiral Dewey, after the Spanish-American War.



1913. Suffragettes on Labor Day



1917. Welcome-home parade for the troops who had held Mexico's Veracruz for seven months.

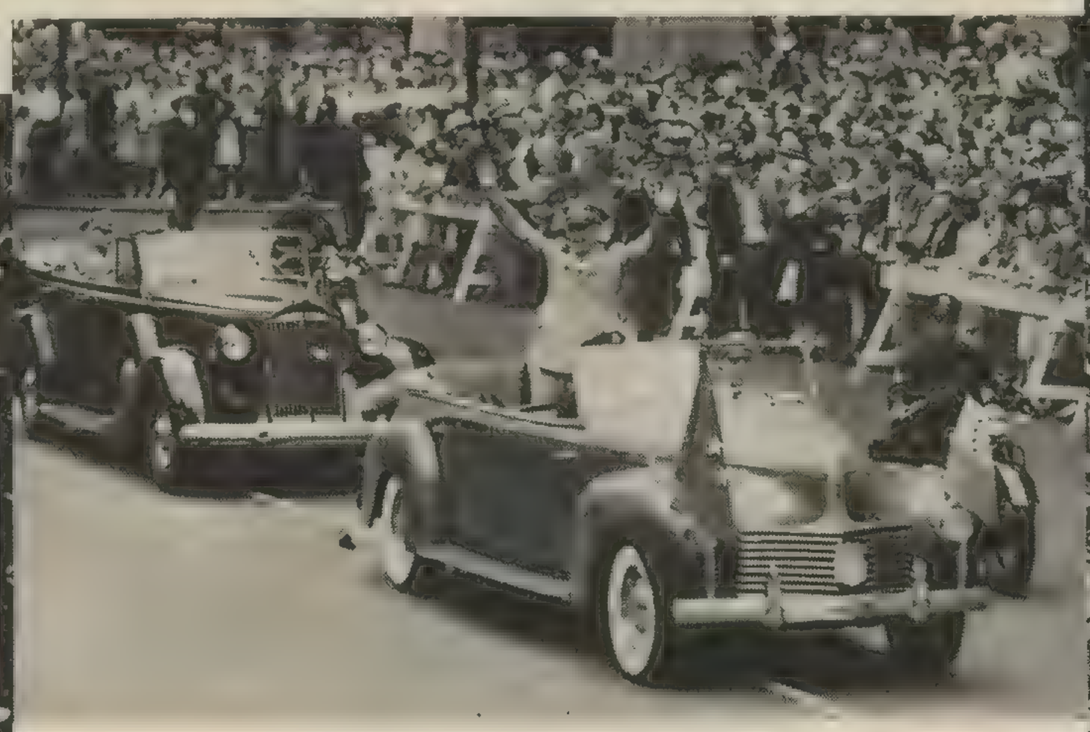
1951. For General MacArthur, after his recall from Korea.



1945. For General Eisenhower, after World War II

1937. The largest New York parade, eighteen hours of American Legionnaires.





EDITOR'S NOTE:

The most recent parade, planned for October 10, 1957: torchlights at night in honour of the Golden Anniversary of the Fifth Avenue Association, when the Avenue was a ribbon of gold, with everything but the people washed down in gilt—even the litter baskets and the lampposts. The golden windows of the shops along the great line of march seemed to burst into flames with the reflected light of the flares.



How to find your own beauty



The double life of the face: mirrors angled for the true-image test described below

With face-searching facts from NBC-TV's make-up chief

To even the most objective female eye the business of looking at one's own face is a bewildering challenge. In the interest of setting up a system for self-scrutiny, we interviewed Dick Smith, NBC's top make-up artist. One of television's bright young men, he came to TV via Yale and the Army, pioneered make-up techniques for both black-and-white and colour shows. (Among his star performances, the famous faces in NBC's *Mayerling*, *Victoria Regina*.) An off-hours sculptor, he combines with an ingenuous Harold Teen charm a cool, appraising eye, a pleasant talent for showing faces at their best. For us, he recompounded some sound tips in non-theatrical versions.

"Forget," said Mr. Smith straight off, "the seven basic types of female faces," and we knew we were in good hands, liberated at last from that dismal puzzle of trying to identify with diagrams of the square face, the oval, the diamond. (Was there a rhombus face? . . . If so, it always seemed like ours.)

At this point he revealed the true-image mirror trick, illustrated here. As practically every child learns in elementary science, what you see in the mirror is not a true image, but the reversed reflection of your face. By re-reflecting in a second mirror held at an eighty- to ninety-degree angle to the main mirror, it is possible to see the true you. (You look, naturally, into the second mirror, and if you wear just one earring, the principle of reversing images is considerably easier to grasp.) The advantage here: a straight look at what may not be a straight face. If you have a slightly lopsided look, an "off" eyebrow, or a crooked mouth that's not wistful but just crooked, the true-image mirror trick enables you to see it.

With this first self-scrutiny, the obbligato is a list of questions. "Not new questions, just the beauty version of the are-you-losing-your-husband approach," allowed Mr. Smith. How much time do you spend on making up your face? (The average morning "do" should consume a solid fifteen minutes.) How recently have you tried a new lipstick colour? Are you still doing your hair the way you wore it when you were engaged? Do you maintain, consistently, a trimmed weight—or is there a sag to your skin indicating alternate feasts and diets?

From here on, finding your own beauty is a matter of experiment, mathematics, and acquired skill with make-up. For the searching, objective study of one's own face Mr. Smith suggests a triptych mirror, a quantity of "warm, white" light, several hundred-watt bulbs above the mirror, several more below it. "Start off by spotting your worst feature," he directed, rather surprisingly. "Then try to see the whole. Take a good front-back-and-side look at your hair, remembering that it makes the shape of the head. Then the two features to concentrate on are eyes and mouth. They're the most revealing of character, the areas where make-up can do the most to put your best face forward."

For us, Mr. Smith's advice was based on what he calls "simple, sensible make-up," with the first mathematical principle addition and subtraction. Where the face is wide, subtract; where it's meagre, add. If it's a five-by-five face, add on top by choosing a coiffure with height. Hair, of course, provides the easiest means of adding and subtracting. A narrow

BEAUTY PROSPECTOR, *left*,
this great, deep-furred swath of coat made of
beige-and-white Canadian wolfskin—
slightly, engagingly *fauve*, intensely flattering
to blondes, brunettes, and redheads.
Georges Kaplan; charming price tag, $295 plus tax.

forehead demands added width of curl at the sides; a face too broad at the cheekbones improves with close curls, or no curls at all on cheekbone level. This "corrective" shaping of hair—always within the frame of current fashion—may well involve several soul-scraping sessions with the best hairdresser you can find; you might arrive at a few basic ideas of your own, and work them out in conclave.

Starting, then, with a new outline-by-coiffure, the search for your best face might move into higher branches of addition and subtraction to be pursued with make-up and skill. Again the big problem is how to look at yourself. One simple guide is the theory of proportions used in art classes as well as by professional make-up men. It's not the last word on beauty, merely a set of clues to start you off. By rule, the classic face should divide lengthwise into three equal sections: hairline to browline; browline to the base of the nose; base of nose to tip of chin.

To set up an experiment program, you need three colours of foundation, not more than a shade or two apart. The system is a light make-up base for addition, dark for subtraction—worked out by careful, unhurried experiment. Tips: In women, one frequent face-fault is a too-short line from hairline to browline; the forehead, then, takes the lighter base. To improve the look of a receding chin, the light, highlighting base is used on chin and chin-line; this is the addition principle. Toughest to lick is the unattractively prominent nose. Dark foundation can not subtract from the nose; the nose trick, and for this one you probably should have professional advice, is a lighter base on the cheeks near the nose, which has the effect of emphasizing areas other than the nose. By no means easy. And, if your nose is long and *interesting*, it may be wise to forego trying to change.

Further addition and subtraction: Eye and mouth emphasis can give the illusion of changing other areas of the face. Making a mouth as wide as possible, by filling in the corners generously, seems to narrow a broad face. A long chin looks less long if the lower lip is painted as low as possible—below the lip-line, in other words. If the distance from upper lip to base of nose is short, it's a mistake to subtract by carrying lipstick above the lip; play it down. More on lipstick techniques later.

Theory of eye proportion: The distance between eyes should equal the point-to-point width of one eye. For eyes too close together, the rule is: Keep eye make-up away from the nose. A face broad at eye-level may seem less broad if eye make-up is carried fairly far out to the sides, thus subtracting from the distance between eye and hairline.

One sound approach to proving these rules *on your face* is to make up half a face, then look and compare. Mr. Smith's run-down for full, non-theatrical make-up, calculated to bring about that intoxicating moment when you "suddenly see your fabulous face," goes like this:

BASE: No pinker than your skin. For special effects, try three as directed above. Whatever the foundation, liquid or cream, apply the thinnest possible coat; this is the way to staying power.

ROUGE: "Scary" is Mr. Smith's word for most women's view of this. It needn't be, however, if you choose a pale, pale rouge, mix a finger's worth of foundation with a dab of rouge, blending until you have a mixture just slightly pinker than the foundation-colour. Place the first touch well back on the cheekbone, then work forward, staying well away from the nose. Rouge, in fact, should not come much closer to the centre of the face than the centre of the eye. A subtractor, rouge shadows down. On a face broad above the cheekbones, shade the colour up toward the hairline, not below the cheekbone. (South American note: The beauties of Rio start the rouging process above the eyebrow, work toward the hair, down to the cheekbone.) Wide areas of rouge are good, not bad, as long as the red stays pale, subtle, with no abrupt lines of demarcation.—"You know, the peaches-and-cream idea," said Mr. Smith, taking ten years off our vocabulary.

EYES: "This is where real transformation comes in," he went on. "Make up one eye; then look." The fashion now runs to quite a lot of eyebrow. Plucking plan: Eliminate stragglers. For a higher arch, pluck below the eyebrow along the outer two-thirds of its length. Only with deep-set eyes or beetle brows is it desirable to pluck the innermost third of the line. Pencil plan: Use an eyebrow pencil like an Eversharp with a pin-size lead, sketching with fine, hairline strokes. Afterwards, brush to soften the outline. Tips: To fake a lot of brow, try two pencils, one dark brown, one light. Women with very pale eyebrows may get wonderful effects by using an artist's drawing pencil, charcoal-coloured, then putting in brown accents, brushing for illusion. If your brows have a drooped look, try plucking below, drawing the browline *below* the inner half, *above* the outer half.

Time—that's what you need. "Paint, paint, paint," advised Mr. Smith, until you achieve a brow you like. To preserve its outline forever, you can, if you're really methodical, place a piece of celluloid over the brow, trace the shape, even correct it a bit, and then, using a razor blade, make a stencil so that the shape can be duplicated in a matter of seconds. (To do the other eye, reverse the stencil.)

When it comes to shadow, the great seductive touch, Mr. Smith believes strongly in the natural grey-brown colours. Powdering over eye shadow will keep it from blurring, streaking, or actually disappearing, and you can still have a sense of lustre by putting a final top-smidge of Vaseline or eye cream on the centre of the lid.

The great point about using an eye-liner is to draw right into the roots of the lashes, creating the "shadow of lashes." For art's sake, the line should always be dutifully smudged. Women who simply aren't handy with a liner may find comfort in a small stubby lipstick brush used by rubbing colour from the pencil, then painting. "A real butterfingers like my wife," said Mr. Smith, can use the old soot trick, burning a match on glass, picking up the colour (which is harmless) on a water-colour brush.

General advice: Small eyes improve with all the make-up you can get away with. Brows should never be arched high and wide over a small eye; it's dwarfing. Curled lashes? Sometimes three crimps (close to the lid, half way out, tips) prove astonishingly better than one.

LIPS: "Whatever you do, you have to wear lipstick," said Mr. Smith and we agree; it's the thing we feel every woman most needs on a desert island, in shipwreck, flood, and possibly famine. The woman who can learn to use a brush has an edge here, and for those who've always failed, Mr. Smith suggests searching out a short, firm, abundantly bristled brush. The next best choice is a lip-liner (a red pencil) or a skinny sort of lipstick.

The lower lip should be painted *(Continued on page 143)*

BEAUTY PROSPECTOR, *right*, this blond head of hat, a whirl of natural lynx to light up the face. By Sally Victor. Worn here with a put-over dress of garnet and Oxford-grey knitted tweed. By Claire McCardell of Belgiwool; about $75. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Pigskin Wear-Right gloves: Lord & Taylor.





Balenciaga has a way of making seductive evening clothes—but always in the off-beat Balenciaga way which makes women look both seductive and distinguished. Now his famous short-in-front, trained evening dresses are shorter than before, have the addition of a flounce; close bodice, close waistline, voluminous skirts.

His evening coats are oftenest day-length—the velvet one here has a strict front and neckline, the surprise of an enormous pouf at the back.

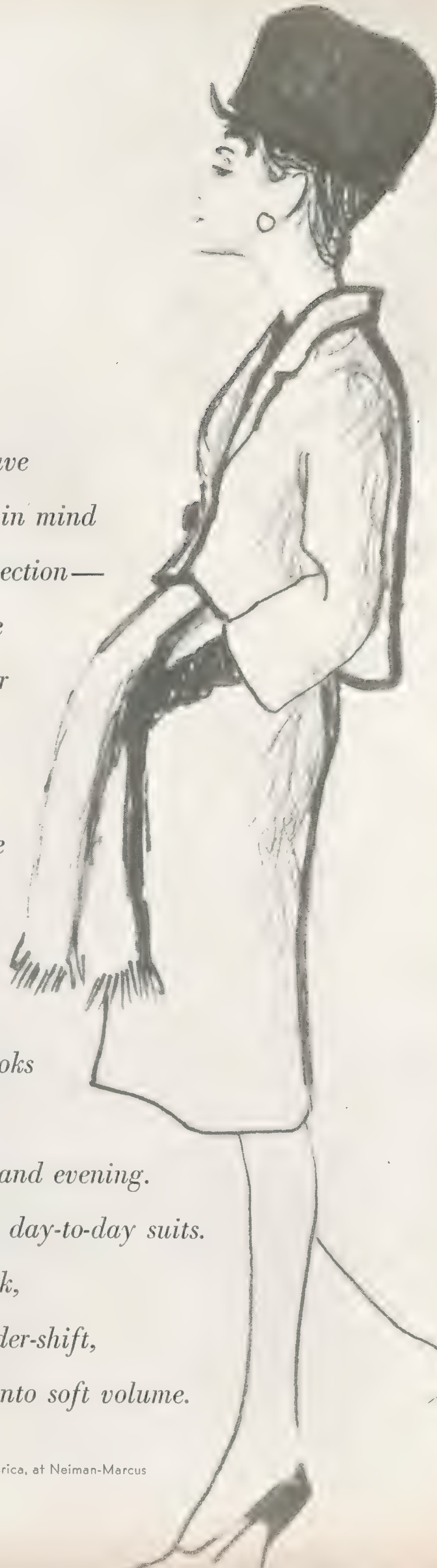
in America, at Neiman-Marcus



In America, at Wanamaker's, Phila.



Givenchy seems to have
Audrey Hepburn in mind
for most of his new collection—
not merely because
he has dressed her
so exactly right
for the movies
(latest example: "Love
in the Afternoon"),
but because
her long-legged,
gamine-worldly looks
turn out to be
the Givenchy look day and evening.
On this page, his day-to-day suits.
Opposite, his evening look,
slinky as an under-shift,
or folded, miraculously, into soft volume.



In America, at Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson

In America, at Neiman-Marcus







HENRY CLARKE

The mohair rage—Paris, London

From the Paris Collections: pink mohair dress. Directly above, a dress that's almost the equivalent of a bubble-bath in froth, in imperceptible warmth. Designed by Balenciaga from the new mohair-wool-and-nylon fabric that's one of the brainstorms—and delights—of this year's fashion, a dress in pale pink, double-breasted, bathrobe-sashed, and worn under a sort of licorice-slickness—a glistening black raincoat with an Egyptian-looking hood able to save a coiffure, smartly, anywhere.

From the London Collections: plaid mohair coat. On the facing page, a coat so light that it could be a bit of nonsense—excepting that it makes the most delicious sense: Ronald Paterson's plaid throw of Ascher's mohair-wool-and-nylon to wear with throwaway elegance over a city suit; to add a froth of warmth to travel and country suits. (With all of the collections heard from, now, America, Paris, London—it's a special pleasure to give a wind-up report this way, with a showing of one of the delights of *all* of the collections, this completely new fabric, here on its home-ground, London.)



CLAUDE
VIRGIN



JACQUELINE AURIOL,
France's great flyer.

RAYMOND BARBAS,
President of the Couture Syndicate.

LOUISE DE VILMORIN,
distinguished writer.



MARIE-HÉLÈNE ARNAUD,
new young find; model, movie actress.

CANON KIR,
hero, Mayor of Dijon.

PARTY FOR FRANCE IN TEXAS

French notables, diversely famous, fly to Dallas for the opening of the French Quinzaine at Neiman-Marcus

To register powerfully, in a thousand different ways, a Texas feeling for France—its admiration, respect, and a certain need—Neiman-Marcus is having a party, Texas-size, two-weeks long and as big as all outdoors. The party, which begins in the middle of this month, starts on a high note. As a mark of the French appreciation for the Neiman-Marcus gesture, distinguished French guests representing many phases of French eminence are flying from Paris on Air France's first direct flight to Dallas, to open the *Quinzaine*. Among the guests are members of the French government, the French arts, and the French couture and its allied industries; all of them, whether concerned with fashion or not, mean to show by their presence that what is important to France is vital to them. For the American visiting Dallas during the fortnight, the *Quinzaine* will be a French fair, once removed—with exhibitions ranging from stamps to cars to tapestries made in France; the first loan exhibition of the Toulouse-Lautrec collection from the museum at Albi; wine-tasting sessions; French-cooking demonstrations; daily Guignol performances for children; a special showing of fashions by members of the Paris Couture Syndicate, with clothes and mannequins brought to America especially for the *Quinzaine;* and a running thread of glitter supplied by Neiman-Marcus' freshly-stocked boutique (some of this astonishing span is reported on page 141).... In the Bouché sketch at Orly on the facing page, the gesture begins, *par avion.* More about the France-to-Texas visitors, on the next pages.

PARTY FOR FRANCE: FRENCH NOTABLES GOING TO DALLAS



DE MORGOLI



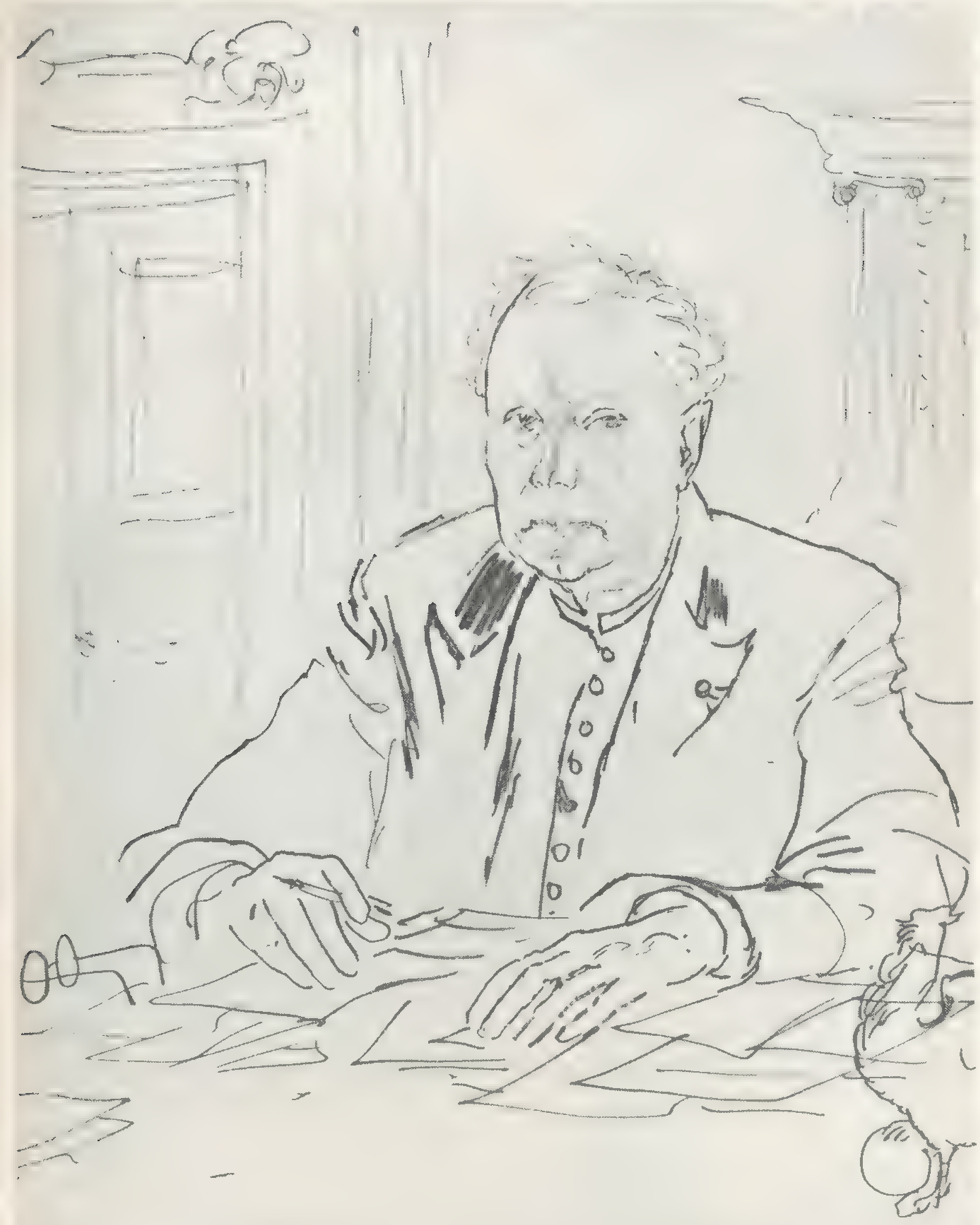
HERVÉ ALPHAND, Ambassador of France to the United States, is a handsomely greyed diplomat who has spent almost all his life involved in one way or another with French foreign affairs. (His father was the French Ambassador to Moscow and Bern.) A lawyer with



a fine head for finance, he has gone to a succession of international conferences, became in time adept at soldering French and American interests. In 1940 he came to the French Embassy, where he is now Ambassador, as Financial Attaché, leaving there a year later to join the Free French in England. His United Nations life began at the first U.N. conferences, and continued when, as Director General of Economic Affairs, he went to the San Francisco Conference. With his habit of returning at a higher post, he returned to the U.N. as Permanent Delegate of France. With all this, he has also been the French delegate to NATO and served as Chairman of the European Defence Community. He is, naturally, a Commander of the Legion of Honour. Few men have had more experience in foreign affairs than this witty man who has found wise pleasure in the service of France.

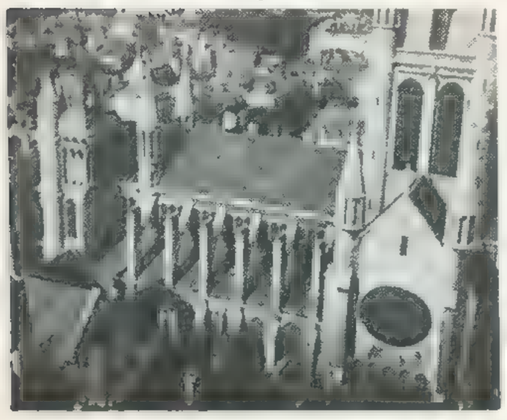
JACQUELINE AURIOL, the second woman in the world to break the sound barrier (the first was Jacqueline Cochran), has long been, in her own words, "drunk with speed." The first Frenchwoman to test a jet plane, she set a jet speed record for women in 1955 with a Mystère 4-M, a record which she regularly beats in a Vautour and a Super-Mystère 4. The daughter-in-law of the former President of France, Vincent Auriol, she began her speed life after World War II when she spent two years in overalls working with mechanics and pilots, learning standard and acrobatic flying. Although a flying accident in 1949 kept her in bed for a year, undergoing fifty plastic surgery operations on her face, she returned to the field, won her first woman's world speed record in 1951, later becoming a test pilot. This aerial life runs through the Auriol family. Both the Auriol sons fly, but her husband, Paul Auriol, formerly secretary-general to his father, is a grounded businessman. No stranger to Texas, Madame Auriol spent six months in 1956 at Fort Worth where she received her helicopter license.







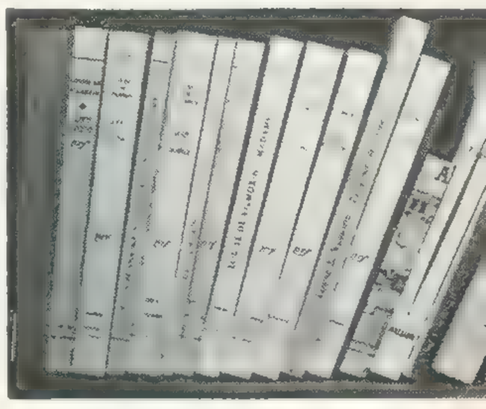
CANON FÉLIX KIR, the eighty-one-year-old Mayor of Dijon, is a man of explosive temper, with a witty, lashing tongue that has helped make him a popular, if percussive, figure. In 1940 when the city's officials fled at the coming of the Germans, he took over the municipal responsibilities. Under the Occupation, he organized the transfer of escaped French prisoners from his zone to the Unoccupied Zone. Because one of the prisoners sent him a postcard rich with thanks, the Germans tried the Canon, but released him for lack of further evidence. But the Germans kept on arresting him until in January, 1944, deeply irritated that he was not dead, a company of militia was sent to his house to shoot him. Although seriously wounded, he escaped. After the Liberation, when he returned to the city,



which gave him an enormous ovation, Canon Kir was elected Mayor of Dijon, and a year later became a deputy to the French National Assembly. A hero of both World Wars, he has the *Croix de Guerre*, 1914-1918 and 1939-1945, and the *Médaille de la Résistance*, as well as orders from the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Great Britain.

LOUISE DE VILMORIN, one of France's most notable writers, has had a long career which began in the early thirties in Las Vegas, Nevada, when, rather bored with life there as Mrs. Leigh Hunt, mother of three small daughters, she started to write in a style that is still fine-drawn, wire-thin, and rather like her beautifully boned, mobile face. Now she lives in the ancient Vilmorin house at Verrières, near Paris. There, in her bedroom, she writes in longhand her poems, her novels, and her articles. Her first article appeared in Vogue, 1935. Of all her works, the most famous in this country is *Madame de . . .*, her newest, *La Lettre dans un Taxi*. A loving conversationalist, she prefers the memory of facts to facts. For two years she wrote a popular series of "Promenades" for the magazine, *Marie-Clair*. After a desperate illness in 1955, when her famous friends had gathered around what seemed to be her deathbed, she tried to do a "Promenade" of her own funeral, but at the thought of the grief of her large family, she cried too hard.









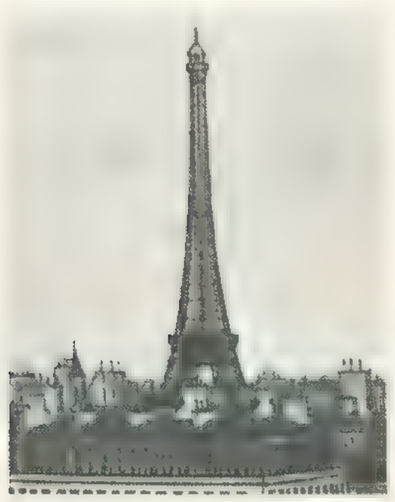
MARIE-HÉLÈNE ARNAUD, new star mannequin in the fashion world and starlet in the movies, was instantly recognized by Paris crowds who gathered around last August when she was photographed on the streets for the two September issues of Vogue. Calling her "Marie-Hélène," children wanted her autograph and were entranced by her laughing face, her bubble of gaiety. The crowds, in fact, had the same feeling as that of the audience at Chanel's first postwar collection in February, 1954, when Mlle. Arnaud made her first appearance, looking like an untamed lion cub, with a smash of short red hair. Soon the combination of Arnaud, Chanel clothes, and the Henry Clarke photographs of her in American and French Vogue set up a chain reaction. Dior asked her to show his clothes in Dallas and in Central America, a movie producer put her into *Mannequins de Paris* and *Les Collégiennes*, later Guy Laroche persuaded her to show his clothes, Vogue gave her a contract, and the director of the movie, *Gigi*, offered her a part last summer. She was cover girl for *Life* and *Paris Match*. Before going to the *Quinzaine* at Neiman-Marcus to wear Laroche clothes, she finished another movie, *Ça aussi c'est Paris*. The chain reaction increases in speed.

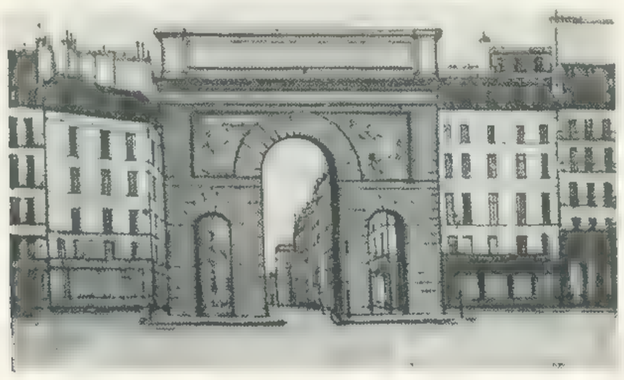


PARTY FOR FRANCE: FRENCH NOTABLES GOING TO DALLAS

MARC VAUX

BERNARD BUFFET, the most famous of the younger French painters, is twenty-nine, a millionaire, and in nineteen years of painting (he started at ten) he has done as many paintings as Renoir had done at seventy-nine. A thin blond man with rather timid blue eyes, he is given to smiling rather than talking, rarely leaves his house in Provence where he lives in solitary elegance. (When he lived near the forest of Montmorency, he dined alone at a Louis XIII table with exquisite porcelain and crystal, had a Venetian gardener to care for his English garden.) His fortunate dealer is also his banker. This rich life began for Buffet in 1948 when a knowledgeable dentist, Dr. Maurice Girardin, who had bought early the works of Modigliani and other painters for his important collection, chose Buffet's "Le Buveur Assis" for the 1948 "Prize for Young Painters" but was hooted down by his fellow jurymen. In quick rage, Dr. Girardin stamped off to the painter's austere studio, six flights up in an old building. In equally quick delight, he bought four paintings for 10,000 francs, and then suggested that the dealer, Emmanuel David, go climb six flights. In the nine years since then, Buffet paintings, instantly recognizable, have gone into many private collections. Buffet's orderly life is so ordered that he paints every day from eight to twelve in the morning, from two to six in the afternoon, usually wearing a white surgeon's coat. Recently he showed in Paris his latest series, views of Paris, all minus people.







PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The smashing start of the new theatre season, with new plays and musicals crowding in on each other, the producers haggling for theatres.... *Unheard Witness*, by Ernst Hanfstaengl who for a time was Hitler's foreign press chief and now has written an account of Hitler and the inner circle that reads like a psychotic gossip column about eccentrics, not the least of whom is Hanfstaengl himself, known to many Americans as Putzi.... The record album, *At the Drop of a Hat*, in which two Englishmen, Donald Swann and Michael Flanders, play and sing their own songs which include "The Reluctant Cannibal" who is so maladjusted that he won't eat people, and "Hippopotamus" which celebrates this fresh fact: "Glorious mud, nothing quite like it for cooling the blood."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... *Search for Paradise*, the fourth Cinerama, which is such a dizzying air voyage that a small Dramamine might be in order; it includes the extraordinary pooled gardens of Shalimar, shooting the rapids of the Indus River, and the coronation of the King of Nepal.... The small European cars with windshields carrying stickers: "Help Stamp Out Cadillacs."... *Arshile Gorky*, an understanding, detailed, and sometimes overwritten biography by Ethel K. Schwabacher who wrote of this painter: "An engineer of the psyche, he crossed from one world into the other, building bridges as he travelled—setting up lines of communication."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The recent scientific conference which advanced a mathematical technique for choosing a wife, the man's choice based on a statistical sampling of thirty-three women out of one hundred possibilities, with the man selecting the most suitable, but instead of trying to find her again, proceeding to the woman who most nearly resembles the statistical woman and is, moreover, available. ...The virtuosity of the technicians who have made wax candles which look like Chinese figures, eerily duplicating the luminosity of green jade and rose quartz.... Luciano Guarnieri (a pupil of Annigoni who painted the portrait of Queen Elizabeth II) now here doing portraits of the James Van Alens and of Mrs. Louis S. Bruguière.... "Easterns," in referring to TV drawing-room comedies as opposed to "Westerns."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Milton Delano's finely worked scrimshaw designs on whales' teeth; the size of the tooth determines the price.... *Persephone*, the André Gide poem with music by Igor Stravinsky, now on two quite different records: Columbia has Stravinsky conducting a dramatically lyric reading with Vera Zorina reciting the poem in throbbing French, while Angel has André Cluytens conducting with Claude Nollier sing-songing the poem in classic French style.... The project of thirty-nine Japanese businessmen, who, as a hobby, are trying to unsnarl the madman Tokyo traffic by building an elevated highway which will ride over two-storied buildings with the rental paying for the new road.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The number of good European war movies, especially *A Man Escaped*, in which the leading rôle is taken not by a professional actor, but by François Leterrier, a philosophy student at the Sorbonne.... The treasure, *The Lapis*, by I. Rice Pereira, one of the most important American painters, who has written and illustrated the story of a dream; with each of the collectors' edition of fifty there are five original Rice Pereira water colours.... The Barnard College poll of its alumnae in which the answers showed that 77% are married and only 2.4% are divorced, a figure slightly larger than the 2% who list watching television as their favoured pastime.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... KIM NOVAK, *right*, whose snow-flaked loveliness has its own excitement, and who has become, after only seven movies, the country's most important feminine star at the box office. Deliberately and effectively created by Columbia Pictures which threw her into stories beyond her skill and then played up her disquieting figure and her immobile but beautiful face, Miss Novak now has a wavering, somewhat lost look that is appealing. But not to her. During the long, wracking rehearsals for *Pal Joey*, her latest film, she often cried out of nerves and insecurity, tried to calm herself by listening to serious music on her transistor radio. Once a baby-plump duckling, she has been moulded into an ice-sculptured swan to carry the company's caviar rôles. All this because, to quote one of her lines in *Pal Joey*, in which she is a chorus girl, "Confidentially, I'm stacked."

MUNKACSI



JOSÉ DE CREEFT, *left,* who once shared a building in Paris with his Spanish compatriot, Picasso, now shares a Greenwich Village studio with his wife and fellow sculptor, Lorrie Goulet, and their nine-year-old daughter, Donna Maria. Work-in-progress, just now: "Alice in Wonderland," a large bronze group destined for Central Park and the acrobatic young who play there—sculpture to be climbed on as well as looked at. Its cast of characters will include, besides Alice herself, the Hatter and the March Hare, all freely interpreted in the light of the original Tenniel drawings. Mr. de Creeft is also the subject of another work-in-progress—a biography by Charlotte Devree.

EDWIN DICKINSON, *right,* has been painting for fifty years, evolving a style in which the colours and perspectives are those of landscapes underwater—poetic, luminous, withdrawn. A handsome, platinum-whiskered man, he dresses with Edwardian finesse, confronts his classes at The Art Students League with gentle manners and a sharp eye for brushwork. He once spent ten years on a painting; he returns to New York each fall with the summer's work—one landscape—tucked under his arm. Mr. Dickinson believes paintings must be seen to be appreciated and for this reason rarely permits his own to be reproduced: the "abstraction" at the right is actually the painter's own smudged palette.

THREE AMERICAN ARTISTS



DAVID HARE, *left,* is one of the small group of American sculptors who wield a blowtorch instead of a chisel. With this tool he has achieved a range of expression that includes both the great aerial steel and bronze "Sunrise" shown here, and the small, engaging portraits he made of his young son, Merlin, several years ago. Recently Hare's work underwent a further shift of emphasis when he started work on an important series of large nudes, which will be shown for the first time next February at the Kootz Gallery on Madison Avenue. (Photographs, here and opposite, are from "Faces in American Art," exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.)

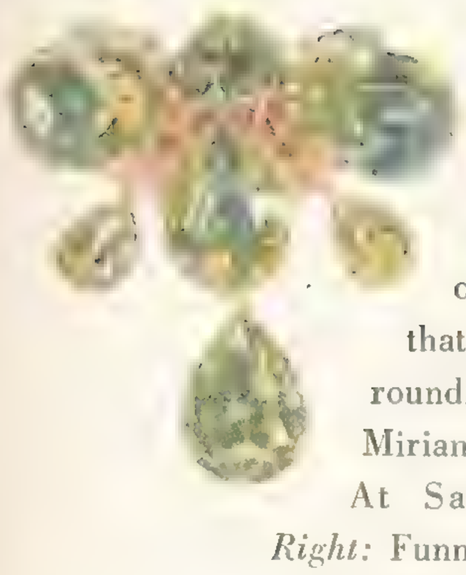
SIDNEY WAINTROB, BUDD STUDIOS



At-home dressing: decorating by woman

This page: Gold and silver threads of flowers on sheer white Indian cotton—pale décor to light, at dinner, with a glittering evening-dress complement of pendant stones. (More details about the necklace, on page 83.) Tina Leser dress: Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. *Opposite page:* Cut velvet at-home dress—the colour of champagne, with cuffs of Russian sable. By Traina-Norell. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Earrings and bracelet of diamonds and pearls, from Van Cleef & Arpels. Make-up: Germaine Monteil's Super Royal Fluid foundation—Peach (the peaches-and-champagne idea)—and the clear outline of Red Flash lipstick. The table, both pages, of metal and glass, by Mies van der Rohe: Knoll Associates.





Left: Brilliant new drop pin—a fascinating drip of acid yellow colour that prevails even in surrounding brilliance. By Miriam Haskell; $17*. At Saks Fifth Avenue. *Right:* Funnel-sleeve shirt, skirt, and crushed belt, in soft jersey colours—to wear with slippers and bracelets in sharp yellows, silk and gilt respectively. Shirt, $25; skirt and belt, $50. All, by Brigance of Sportsmaker, in Security wool. Bonwit Teller. Richelieu "pearls": Lord & Taylor. *Below:* Pink, pepper-and-salted. Sleeveless Siamese silk overalls under a speckled tweed overshirt. Overshirt, of Strong-Hewat wool, $35; pyjamas, $90. B. H. Wragge. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Three-legged chair by Luberto.

*PLUS TAX

Right: Mohair blanket skirt strung on an elastic waistband; a work sweater in sulphur wool. Skirt, of Scottish plaid mohair, by Bonnie Cashin. $90. Geist & Geist sweater, $18. Both: Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Red satin shoes by DeLiso Debs. *Directly below:* Dinner dress in printed wool and satin, and a new theory for the leisure classics—non-robe-like, jewel-filled. Couleur silk satin. $100. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin. Necklace, a major work of rhinestones, blue and white. By Schreiner, at Lord & Taylor. *Below, right:* Luxury that doesn't change—silk satin and satin brocade house pyjamas Occidentalized with high-heeled slippers. New small-dinner table by Eero Saarinen (Knoll Associates). Pyjamas, faultlessly made-to-order by Léron. *Both pages:* Hanes seamless stockings; Alexandra de Markoff Fashion Red lipstick, its new smoothing ingredient—the famous Royal Jelly.



At-home clothes: the new brilliants

RAWLINGS







LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Sweater set-up— night and day

Two schemes for dressing-by-sweater represented here—for at-home evenings, country days. Both, exponents of the pleasantly relaxed flourish: in one case (left), bravura colour; and above, the flourish of sweaters owning dresses patently made to match *them*.

This page: Left, a pale peach-coloured cashmere sweater with braid buttons, inched under the collar of a sheer wool dress, equally pale and brilliant. Both, about $175. Right, grey wool dress luxuriating quietly in a grey cashmere sweater with the effortless, decorative effect of pearls. Sweater, dress: about $185. All, by Vera Stewart. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Enger-Kress bag: Lord & Taylor.

The pink at-home sweater—in tandem. Left, two pink cashmere sweaters in soft little shapes, beautifully at home in their new spheres here—as blouse, as shell-cardigan. Colour gradients from pink—a blue-pink ribbon sash, rose-pink long skirt. Sweaters, by Bernhard Altmann; the set, $60; ready in November. Skirt and sash, by Custom Craft, in Merrimack velveteen, $35. All, De Pinna; Frost Bros. Jewellery by Mosell: De Pinna. Shoes by Confettis. The cameo hair, by Antoine of Saks Fifth Avenue.

RAWLINGS



The charming price tag— with fashion news attached

When sable goes for green stamps, we'll be delighted to report it. But *charming* is the word here—not fantastic. And a charming price tag is simply found money in terms of fashion dollars. For example, $90 makes a charming price tag when it's linked to a coat that works for city-day, late-day, evening. Or $23—when the rest of the story is a knitted cotton sheath that's in action twelve months out of twelve. On these four pages, nine fashions that are price-tagged charmingly (others: the fur on page 60; the suit on page 95). *Facing page:* A coat that can be covered by a $90 check and can, itself, cover almost any city-coat situation day, late-day, or later—as here. This, by Petite Miss, in a lightly polished black French wool. Altman's; Famous-Barr. The jewelled necklace, by Eisenberg. *This page, above:* Black wool, knitted into one of the most negotiable fashion securities ever invented—a simple, soft-lined sheath. Part of its charm—and it's a well-kept secret in a dress like this—its price tag: $45. By Andrew Arkin. At Best's; Woodward & Lothrop. The folded velvet turban, a John Frederics Charmer. *This page, right:* Black lamb's wool suit—slim skirt under its own seven-eighths-length coat that can be worn with other skirts, other dresses (example: the blue and black plaid on the following page). Bataldi suit; $90. Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros. Satin turban, a John Frederics Charmer, also: Bonwit Teller.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI









The charming price tag—more new attachments

Facing page, above left: A lithe young figure of a dress, figured itself in blue and black plaid, and belted front to back. By L'Aiglon, in brushed rayon; $23. At Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's. Walter Katten ponyskin handbag. *Facing page, above right:* In bright dark blue, a slim small-sleeved dress that becomes a suit in the easy way: it owns its own jacket. By Andrew Arkin of Milliken basket-weave wool; $55. This, and the Madcaps beret, at Best's. *Facing page, below left:* Under-coat jersey dress, here increasing its fashion mileage under its own little bloused jacket. Suit, by Andrew Arkin, of navy-blue Heller worsted jersey; $40. Sally V hat, a folded cap of fake leopard. Costume and hat, both: Best's. *Facing page, below right:* Velvet-edged checks—big ones (good place to put fashion dollars this season). These cover a sleeved, thin black wool dress with a straight-falling pleated skirt. Yellow and black wool jacket, black dress, by Abe Schrader; about $65. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Velvet beret by Sally V. *This page, above:* Freshest (and easily the easiest) way to collect diamonds—knitted into a taupe and black cotton sheath. The charming price tag attached to these diamonds: $23. *This page, below:* Day-to-day sheath; and the days involved are apt to run into the three-hundreds—this sheath is knitted cotton. Black and brown dots, bloused and yoked and turtle-necked. $23. Both dresses, this page, by Nelly Don. At Dayton's; Frost Bros. The Dachette hats, Jana handbags, at Altman's.





How to be pale—with excitement

New paleness to take at face value for one of the most exciting colour changes a woman could dip into now—for its face value. What the complexion gains from a quantity of pale dress just about equals the benefits of a new all-out make-up.

This page: Beige wool-and-rabbit's hair dress with a demi-blouse of leopard-print dubbed into the foreground. Illustrated, too, the way to wear the new paleness—like a banner, with pale hat, pale gloves. Dress by R & K, with incidental charm in the price tag, $25. Altman's; Hutzler's; The Broadway. Hat, of pale-grey fur, by Sally V. Gloves by Superb. Both, at Altman's. The bag, a dark expanse, by Ronay, at Best's.

Near right: A study in what pale green can do now—a dress that could arrive almost anywhere, late in the day, looking fresh and unruffled; the bodice, a loose tucking of silk chiffon; the skirt, worsted jersey. Packable by nature. $80. The dress, by Alison; Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros.

Far right: The charm of paleness—and its own species of zing. A dress of wool-and-Angora in an ivory-beige, very manageable under coats as well as solo. It's soloing here with a nice interplay of conventions—pearls, chained bag, strapping belt, crushed gloves. By Lilli Ann, in Blin & Blin fabric, $55. Josef handbag of reversed calfskin. All: Saks Fifth Avenue.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

ENJOYING THE ACCIDENTAL

By Christopher Fry

When one or two unfortunate people tried to teach me to play the piano about forty years ago, I was particularly interested in what they called the accidentals—those notes of chromatic alteration which made all the difference to the simple notes of the octave. Indeed I invented a piece for the piano myself called "The Lovers' Quarrel," which was entirely composed of accidentals; at least I thought it was. And I was always very taken with the unexpected notes which occurred in a melody, or in a chord—notes I would never have anticipated, which nevertheless took their perfect place in the general harmony, as though they had flown in like birds and woken the whole landscape into receiving them.

Moments, like these unexpected notes, happen from time to time all through our lives. We receive them, and modulate our lives accordingly, either minutely or largely. Something happens; and, once it has happened, it seems an inevitable part of the mysterious organization of our existence.

Things we look forward to very much are sometimes a disappointment; or sometimes they can be, in the event, as good as expected; even, on occasion, better. But when something is unexpected as well as enjoyable, it calls up a special response in us, as though we had gained one more small foothold in a confusing world. There's a phrase we commonly use, "He started with surprise." I think the verb "to start," in that context, could fairly be given both its meanings. It may very well be that when we suddenly meet with the unexpected, we not only start with surprise, but start off fresh, in some small way or other. The accidental has made a chromatic alteration in us.

When I'm going to the seaside, I look forward to a number of certain, inevitable things. The sea will be there, the tide coming in or out, the air will be salt, the sand will be smooth underfoot and gritty in my sandwiches, the sea gulls will careen and cry and walk about on their wet reflections. What I didn't anticipate, but saw last year, was a herd of cows ambulating, in an offhand way, across the sand until they reached the shallow foam, where they stood about like a lot of bored nursemaids. When I saw this, ocean and cows, the wide-open rolling water, and the inward, cud-chewing cows, both cows and sea appeared in a slightly different light. All they apparently had in common were the yellow sea foam and the foaming saliva dripping from the mouths of the cattle, but, even so, it was suddenly clear that the cows and the sea were expressions of the same world, like accidentals in a piece of music.

Soon after my wife and I had moved into an old house in Wales, a friend came to stay with us who had a particular fear of snakes. The garden was overgrown and ankle-high at the time, and whenever we walked about, our friend used to ask if we were sure there were no snakes. Of course we were sure; she might as well have asked if there were any crocodiles. Frogs and toads, certainly, I was glad to say, but no snakes. One morning when I was sitting with our friend in the kitchen, topping and tailing gooseberries, if I remember, my wife called me to join her in the drawing room. There, in the very centre of the yellow carpet, was a black snake. In point of fact, it was a slow-worm, a foot long; but by what accident it arrived there I shall never know, unless, in defiance of our lighthearted denials, it was there to say, "The world has, and will continue to have, snakes."

At another time, George Cole came to visit us. We were sitting round the fire talking, late at night—it was after midnight, I think—when he suddenly asked what was the hanging bell-shaped flower growing on the wall by the gate. I couldn't think what was there; nothing I had seen. The description he gave of it sounded like a fritillary, but a fritillary is a difficult flower to establish, even in the damp ground it likes, let alone in a dry stone wall. We got up from the fire, and went out into the night to search. A moon was shining, but not enough to see very clearly by, so we walked along the lane under the wall, striking matches, and there, by the spurt of a match, we found it: a purple freckled fritillary, growing alone on the top of the wall, an accidental, occurring against all the laws of its nature. The next morning it had gone—whether picked by some envious hand, or whether vanished with the moon, I don't know.

Before I was married I went, with my future wife, for a drive in the country. We had no map with us, and didn't trouble to think, or inquire, which way we were driving. After a time, we left the car by the road and walked across the heath to a circle of pine trees. From there we looked down across a valley. There were scarcely any houses to be seen. We looked at the two or three old roofs among the trees, and said to each other that this would be a valley to live in. But unless one had the money to buy a farm, there was no likelihood of that. We hadn't the money, but later we managed to take over, cheaply, the last few years of the lease of an old millhouse. It was arranged through a house agent, and we agreed to take the house before we had seen it. On the first morning there, we went for a walk. We walked around the millpond and up the hill; and when we reached the top we found we were standing in a circle of pine trees, the *same* circle of pine trees. When we stood there before, wishing to live in the valley, we had been looking down on the roof of the millhouse which was now our first home. It seemed to us an accidental wedding present of a quite remarkable kind.

THE YOUNG BLOODS

A short story by Gabriel Fielding

"Of course," said ffrench-Molyneux, "to have been at the right school does make a difference—"

"I know," said Tallent. "So much easier, plain sailing in fact."

"Exactly," ffrench-Molyneux fingered his tie.

They had indulged in this conversation a dozen times sitting in this very place on the Club fender drinking Amontillado when Molyneux was paying, dark Marsala when it was Tallent's turn.

Confound it! he thought, why hadn't they sent him to Eton? After half an hour in Molyneux's company it seemed to be the most obvious thing for anyone to have done with any of their sons. The vicarage, the tradition of third-grade public schools for two or three generations, Father's retirement, and the fact that he, Tallent himself, was the last of a string of expensive brothers, all ceased to have any weight in the sensitive balance of his mind; and he found himself becoming quite angry with both of his parents for not having made the necessary, indeed trivial, sacrifices.

"You see," said ffrench-Molyneux putting down his glass, "there are a dozen people who would propose you at the next election."

"Quiet!" Tallent was getting a little bored. It was time to throw a fresh ingredient into the pleasant stupor of the conversation.

"My cousin," he said, "should have had my father's letter by now. Perhaps the next time he's over here he'll write or contact me. One never knows."

ffrench-Molyneux pressed the bell. A good sign, thought Tallent who had only five shillings in his pocket.

"A club like this," said Molyneux, "gives you the entrée anywhere in Ireland."

"Carte blanche," said Tallent.

"What exactly *is* the relationship?" murmured Molyneux.

"Well," said Tallent who had been prepared for this, "collaterals you know."

"Oh." It was a well-bred noncommittal little sound which might have been addressed either to Tallent or to Drugg who was now standing there in his livery awaiting their order.

"Two more sherries please Drugg."

"Very good sir."

"Of course," said Molyneux, "if he proposed you, you'd be *in*."

"I know," said Tallent without enthusiasm. An equerry; a second or third cousin several times removed who had never set eyes on him, always at the Palace, an intimate friend of Theirs—it was absurd, a pipe dream or rather an Amontillado dream of impossible splendour like the Club itself with its soaring pillars, tiled marble floors, vast underground lavatories, titled membership, embossed writing paper, page boys, Brobdingnagian cold buffet, card room, billiard room, squash court, library, and its disused royal suite.

Yes, that above all. A royal suite in Ireland with all that *that* implied: a sanctum sanctorum of great fireplaces with the club crest on the stone chimney pieces, of crystal chandeliers glittering in the light from balconied windows high above the city; and all of it spotlessly maintained, washed, waxed, polished, and waiting, waiting for the day when a king might once again gaze out over the tumble of his Georgian Dublin or take his ease in front of six bushels of fire.

"It would even," drawled Molyneux, "it would even outweigh the fact that you're a medical student. People like the Hill-Dillans would accept you at once. Mamma H.-D. would have no more qualms about—"

"Felicity," said Tallent. Beautiful, beautiful Felicity; so alabaster, so "debby," so remote. He could imagine himself taking her to the Gresham, to the Zoo Dance, or even to a hunt ball. He didn't know where the money was coming from but doubtless that too would accrue once he was a member of the Club. Oh, if only, if only General O'Meath would take him up.

"You see," said Molyneux, "it would make it so much easier for me. I mean I like taking you about and all that, but it's a bore having to *explain* all the time."

"It's frightfully decent of you," said Tallent, thinking it was astonishing how unattractive one could be even with the double-barrelled Huguenot name and a castle as one's birthplace.

"That's all right! The fact that you're English does help—and of course you're—" Molyneux hesitated, "I suppose—attractive."

"Thank you," said Tallent without bitterness.

Three members came into the hall. He recognized Lord Begorrah, Jack Verneman, who was something to do with bloodstock, and old Gillespie, the Club soak, half blind with glaucoma, perennially in difficulties with his bank, but a power behind the Election Committee. . . . This, thought Tallent, was certainly the moment for the expenditure of his two remaining half crowns.

The others passed across the hall quickly, talking politics, saluting Molyneux, nodding curtly to Tallent, but Gillespie crept crabwise towards the fender.

The two young men got up quickly, too quickly. They had to wait a full two minutes while Gillespie tottered round a pillar, refused a shallow step twice and, finally, trembled across the black and white floor to the fender.

"Good evening sir," said ffrench-Molyneux.

Gillespie glared at Tallent. "What's that?"

"Er—good evening sir. It's *(Continued on page 128)*

Jacket lengths: a new suit leeway



HORST



Here, a three-suit review of jacket lengths in good fashion standing this year: the jacket that's hipbone-length and belted; the jacket that by-passes the waist; the jacket that covers most of a coat's territory. The point is: the most becoming suit a woman could wear is more likely than ever to be one of the smartest looks money can buy.

Above: Jacketed to the hipbone, a belted tweed suit that might be a countrywoman's lunch-in-town stand-by—a citywoman's week-end-in-the-country wardrobe. Branell suit in an auburn-brown wool, by Rodier; $145. Bendel's Young-Timers; Sakowitz. Emme hat. Lederer handbag.

Left: Overreaching the waistline by a fine degree, a shaped but unfitted jacket that could run a gamut of city blouses, country sweaters. Suit by Monte-Sano & Pruzan in green Linton tweed; $215. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Sally Victor hat.

Right: Pillar of the city-country situation, the forty-inch jacket that could jacket—besides its own reedy skirt—a jersey dress, a thinly pleated flannel skirt. By Lilli Ann in French worsted plaid. $100. Saks Fifth Avenue. Sally Victor hat.



Mink: new lengths, new leeway



Here, mink coats in two new lengths, both adding clothes mileage to a fur already famous for its mileage.
This page: Three-quarter-length mink coat with a wide collar, an unstudied fall—equally good over country tweeds, or over any straight, any-degree-of-fabulous ball dress. Soft brown or deep brown mink; a Capucci design, for David; also at I. Magnin.
Facing page: Mink with a double-dare mix of elegance and ease; the shape, a soft pull-over, edged with knitted beige ribbon so the waist fits snugly, the sleeves can push up like sweater-sleeves. Wonderful for city days; with dinner skirts; in the country with tweeds, with pants. In "Diadem," Emba natural pale brown mutation mink; by Ritter Bros. Also at Joseph Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Skirt in Strong-Hewat beige wool tweed, by Sloat. Nettie Rosenstein handbag. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Earrings, bracelet, and ring by Verdura.
Golden-haired coiffure kept calm with Breck Hair Set Mist.

HORST





French laces—
the new
ambers

Fresh way to see lace now:
in a series of amber colours,
sometimes with an accent of black.
Left: From Paris, from Lanvin-Castillo—
"Habanera," itemizing all the
unequalled beauties of lace in a
single dinner dress. The pattern
of black lace here—a flowerslide
over amber and white satin,
a belling short skirt.
Long, glove-like sleeves.
In America, at Bonwit Teller Custom Salon.
Also, at Eaton's, Montreal.
The hair, curving fullness,
by Charles of the Ritz of Paris.
Right: A dress of beige lace over
rose-amber satin. The sleeves, neckline,
and princesse skirt, flared toward the
back—a kind of delightful conspiracy
for simple elegance. By Mary Black,
in French lace. Henri Bendel;
Sakowitz; I. Magnin.
The necklace by Marvella.

WILLIAM KLEIN



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

The 8 o'clock blouse— new dinner chic

Beguiling here, without any apparent effort—new blouses made to be worn with long dinner skirts or the equivalent. Their air: festive prettiness, softly underplayed. *Left:* Pleated bright red chiffon blouse belted to the black velveteen pants with a ribbon (any ribbon-colour can play—orange, mauve, two ideas). In silk-and-rayon fabric made by Skinner, $16. The slender pants, of Italian velveteen, $12. *Above:* Pale-blue blouse delightfully Theda Bara, gathered into shape and into a curving skirt of black velveteen. Rayon crêpe blouse, $9; skirt, $19. All, by Adelaar. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Hudson's. Porcelain cats from House of Hite.

Above: White chiffon ruffles, a black skirt, trained. The look—exceptionally pretty, not nearly so chic-by-accident as it may first appear. Décolletage at the back; at the front of the blouse, a demure continuity of fine choker ruffles. $45. *Above, right:* Décolletage reversed—a V radiating toward the face, masking the shoulders. White chiffon blouse, $45. *Blouses, and the skirt,* by Helitzer. Blouses of Stern & Stern silk chiffon. The skirt, Crompton black rayon velvet, $35. Everything, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel.

LEO IMERUNO-BOOI

Country climate: surprise tactics with fur

KAREN RADKAI



Starting here, an eight-page bulletin for a country wardrobe with this getaway news: fresh tactics in fur—new breeds of fur carried into the country by coat, by sweater. *Far left:* Cold-climate coat, reversible—a three-quarters length of smooth natural-coloured kidskin that turns to long-haired naturally pale guanaco. The shape: swinging out from fairly narrow shoulders. This, plus jacket, all the coat a country wardrobe might need. Coat, by Bonnie Cashin, Fownes gloves; both at Lord & Taylor. Coat, and the brown cashmere Forstmann sweater: Neiman-Marcus. *Centre:* Fur, sweatered—a cardigan of black and white kidskin fur: its base a black wool sweater showing its cuffs, buttons. To wear with a skirt or pants—these pants: red wool, tapered. Sweater, about $150; pants, about $15. Both, by Masket Bros. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. *Right:* Cashmere sweater, almost waist-deep in fur—honey-beige cashmere, a garland of Canadian badger, one of the long-haired furs making news in the country. An idea that takes a cashmere sweater from good to handsome (right into city fashion, too). Sweater, brown wool skirt (belt added), about $150. Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres.











Country sweater bank

Facing page, far left, top: White Shetland wool, cabled—a three-quarter-sleeve pull-over rising to a high V at the neck. Here, tucked into a fullish beige wool tweed skirt. Sweater by Braemar, $30. At Peck & Peck. Surprise tactics in fur—a fluff of red fox for a handbag; by Greta. *Far left, centre:* Norfolk-jacket sweater—long, semi-fitted, a heavy red wool cardigan knitted to a smooth surface. This by Lee Herman, about $40. At Saks Fifth Avenue. The leather gloves, fur-lined, by Wear-Right. *Far left, below:* Diamond-tweed sweater, waist-length—a hand-knitted green sweater with the crisp body of a tweed jacket. By Seaspun, lamb's wool, $60. Bergdorf Goodman. *Directly left:* New sweater printing—bold pastel abstracts, on white. A straight loose put-over shape, best put over narrow pants, skirts. By Pius Wieler, $35. Black corduroy pants, by Evan-Picone, $18. Both, Altman's. *This page, right:* Overblouse sweater—long grey pull-over of nylon fleece, with black rib cuffs, easy outlook. $17. Black pants, of Permathal Everglaze knitted cotton, by Alamac, $7. Both by Phil Rose of California. Altman's. *Below:* Silk shirt country-fashion—the sweater's alter ego. Wide pastel-pale stripes and multiple buttons. This, $13. Gingery wool pants—cut to fit all the way and slim as they go, $17. Both, by Sacony, at Bloomingdale's. *Below, right:* Shirt sweater—grey cashmere with a shirt collar, buttons, and shirt adaptability with skirts. By Hadley, $31. At Peck & Peck (ready in November). This skirt: grey worsted tweed, by Tudor. $40. Bloomingdale's.

KAREN RADKAI









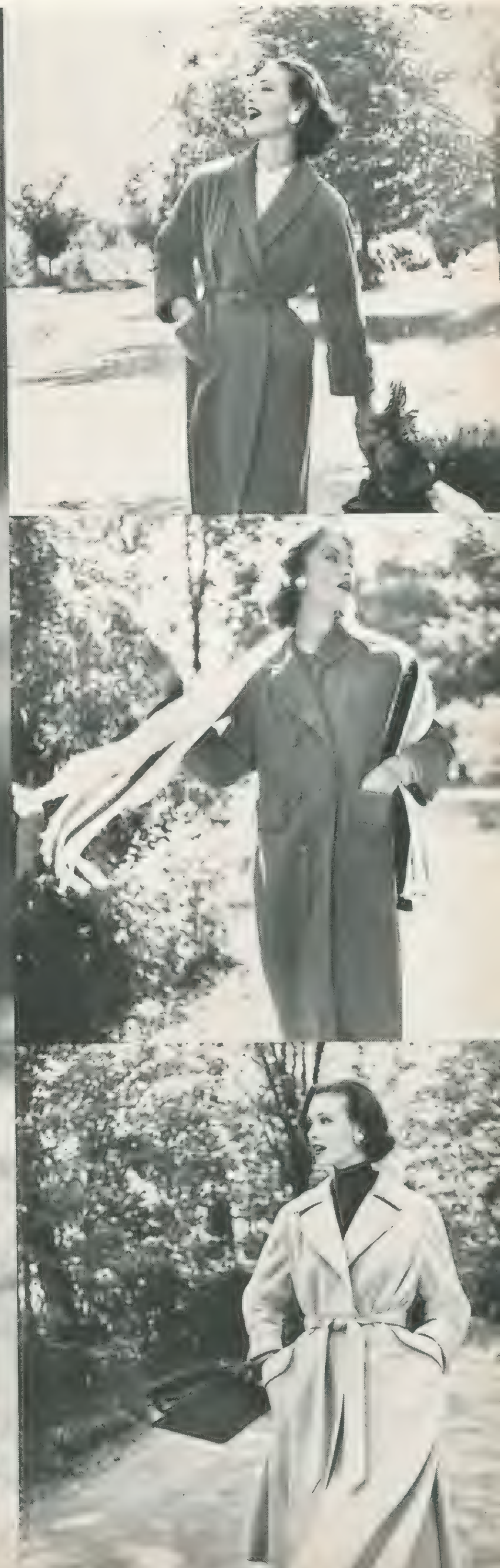
Country climate: five ways to weather it

Above: New crop of coat—a short camel-coloured coat, unfitted, double-breasted, casual as a country Sunday. Sound switch for a jacket, or a full-length coat. By A. Davis (wool-and-camel's-hair), $50. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Harzfeld's. Gloves by Fownes. *Facing page, near right:* Yoked fur, full-length—silky otter with the straight, narrow look of a man's raincoat, a country silhouette that's anything but rural. Made to order of beige-dyed South American otter. By Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue. More fur in the hand: civet cat.

Far right, top: Wrap coat, waist optional—an easy lightweight coat of caramel-coloured wool with a shawl collar, cuffs, and this adaptability: it's equally good worn straight (we added the leather belt). Coat by La Vigna of vicuña (Einiger fabric). From Jay Thorpe. *Far right, centre:* Leather, tailored like tweed—russet-coloured suède, double-breasted and cut to a narrow, crisp line. By Leathermode of Quilon-processed suède, $145. Scarf: brown and toast stripes, on white wool-and-cotton. By Jody Boutique, $25. Both, Bonwit Teller. *Far right, below:* Trench coat that could be an everything coat to a country wardrobe. It's pale camel-coloured wool fleece, sashed, built to take in suits, sweaters, easily. By Shagmoor, $80. At Hutzler's; Hudson's.

KAREN RADKAI





Shoes with a country cast of character



Crack-of-dawn kind of country Oxford—unexpectedly slim and shapely.

Moss-green grained calfskin; crêpe sole, egg-shaped heel. Amalfi shoe, by Rangoni; about $17. Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr.



Country indoors, or no further than the terrace—slippers with square toes, patent-leather bows.

Millerkins shoes in black Allied kidskin; $19. I. Miller. Worn by the shoes: long ribbed socks, short round kitten.

Country shoe for tweeds and pearls on a wooden, waisted heel, right.

Textured beige calfskin, back-laced. By Pappagallo; about $13. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin. (The appreciative audience here: a baby goat.)

Change-of-pace for a walking shoe—a longer line, narrower look.

By Joyce, in brown glove leather; $10. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field. (Figuring in this countryscape: jacquard stockings; a miniature bull with long fluttery eyelashes.)



For a walk on the (fairly) wild side—a roughened leather brogue on a crêpe sole.

Coppery-br[illegible] by K[illegible] $9. A[illegible]
Along for the walk: ribbed wool stockings, an amiable [illegible]



LEOMBRUNO-BODI







The 7-to-12 set—Paris branch

Clothes in America now

SABINE MARCHAL, daughter of Mme. Michel Canello, is seven, and a pupil at the Cours Marceau, where her favourite subject is *calcul* (yes—mathematics). *Above,* she wears an after-school dress in cherry-red wool; high waist, flaring skirt. *Left, above,* she visits a candy shop, in powder-blue wool, yoked and gathered onto an elasticized waistband. Both dresses by Lempereur; imported by Neiman-Marcus.



IRENE FOURET, eight-year-old daughter of M. and Mme. Didier Fouret, goes to the Couvent des Oiseaux; is tall for her age, hazel-eyed, fond (as you see) of gymnastics. *Above,* Irène in a winter coat with plenty of scope—deeply box-pleated. In grey wool; by Meyer Nathan. *Right,* more ease of cut, in a navy-blue and white checked wool suit by Lempereur. Coat and suit, both imported by Neiman-Marcus.



SILVERSTEIN

ASK THE BUTTERFLY

A short story by Robert Fontaine

My friend Clement was a small, intense, dark-haired boy with eyes like coals and the full red mouth of a girl. He was scrawny and short, the result, quite possibly, of malnutrition. Although he lived in our neighbourhood, I had never met him until he came to Sunday school. His father, who was a terrible drunkard, had periods when he would come shaven and shorn out of the green, protective bottle into the gleaming, painful world.

This Sunday he appeared, a tall, red-faced man with one finger missing on his right hand, at St. Paul's Church. He brought with him the undersized, but completely poised, Clement and enrolled him in our class.

The little lad slipped into a hard chair beside me and whispered, "The butterfly lives only one day. Did you know that?"

"Shhh," I said. "The Red Sea is parting soon."

Mr. McCauliffe, our Sunday-school teacher, was a stickler for good deportment, even to the extent of always wearing a frock coat and striped trousers in which to retell the stories of the Bible to us.

Clement said softly, "Suppose on that day it rains, eh? How about that?"

I shrugged and we went on. Clement subsided and listened to the story of Moses. When our teacher was finished Clement said, "This Red Sea, it parted? Truly? Right in the middle? I don't believe it."

Mr. McCauliffe reddened and said, "That will be all. We shall go into the main hall for the benediction."

Such was my introduction to Clement. After that I saw him a great deal, mostly because his father was always beating his mother and Clement said it got on his nerves. "She is his wife," he admitted. "Still, it is a nuisance. It is not my father's fault, you understand. He lost a finger from chopping wood with an axe when he was drunk. Now to chop wood with an axe when you are drunk is crazy, so he cut off his finger. To you and me, what is a finger, eh? We have nine more if you count the thumbs. But my father repaired watches and without his finger the watches never kept time. So now, when he is sober, he works for the ice company. Once they found him half-frozen in the middle of summer, asleep on the ice. We have an exciting life in our house. It may not last long because my father goes to sleep with a cigar in his mouth."

My family was a most normal one, given to discipline, religion, and the novels of Harold Bell Wright. I do not regret it. I found it a little stifling then. Clement was a breath of fresh air. He was almost a hurricane.

For example, once, in the summer, we found an old armchair, a large one, big enough to hold both of us, in a trash heap. Clement insisted on lugging it to our backyard and hoisting it up in the crotch of an apple tree. He said he did not *dare* do it in his backyard because if his father wandered out with a hang-over and saw an armchair up in a tree, he would shoot himself.

My mother did not shoot herself but she was very much put out when she found Clement and me sitting in an armchair up in an apple tree. "Are you crazy?" she called up.

Clement said solemnly, "No. We like it here. We are gods of old."

"You come down this minute," my mother said, "and bring the chair with you."

We came down from Olympus, mortals again, and we brought the chair into the cellar where we considered it a throne.

Another time Clement found a stray goat. I have no idea what a goat was doing roaming around in a city, but he was. He was a small alpine goat and he was very frisky. He followed Clement all over the place. He followed him into our yard and patiently ate fifty geranium flowers.

Clement wanted my mother to let him board the goat in our cellar. He said his father would shoot it if he brought it home.

My mother turned pale and ordered Clement and the goat out of the yard within five minutes. "It's a pet," Clement insisted.

"Get it out of here," my mother said.

"Its life is short," Clement argued, "longer than the butterfly but not as long as, say the elephant who lives maybe four hundred years."

"Long or short, he goes," said my mother firmly. She had not even seen yet what had happened to her beloved geraniums. So I took the goat and led it to the street. "What'll we do?" I asked. "Let it go," said Clement. "Let it walk down the main street and enjoy life."

"How will it live?"

"A goat," said Clement flatly, "is like a cat. Take it five hundred miles in a bag, it will find its way home even if it has to work."

I was pleased and surprised at this knowledge. I led the goat, with Clement behind me, up to Rideau Street and let it free. The last I saw of it, it was going into La Marceau's Department Store.

In the fall Clement hardly ever went to school. His father was drinking and his mother wouldn't open the door, so the truant officer could never make any progress. Now and then Clement showed up and did a few lessons but the old wanderlust would grasp him and he would disappear from his studies for another week or so.

Just the same he nearly always came around to my house and we played either in the yard *(Continued on page 142)*

We have the plans right here

Evenings outlined in Vogue Printed Patterns

Taken one at a time, the clothes across this page offer some of the best new ideas in fashion now—an unwaisted sheath with a rather steep back-décolletage; a dinner suit made of lace; a long evening dress with a rush of fullness to the back, a show of slipper at front. Together, they manage this besides: a wardrobe that could cope with nine evening plans out of ten (including a change-of-plans—one dress has sewing instructions for a jacket). Simplifying the plan in every case: the Vogue Pattern for it—with directions printed on each piece, charting the course of even an inexperienced dressmaker.

Directly right: A dress that could begin and end any evening short of a gala; the Vogue Pattern envelope—S-4835—contains the makings of a jacket. The dress itself couldn't be simpler—narrow, non-waisted, a V of straps at the back. And the fabric shouldn't be less luxurious than the one we've used here—Lesur wool-and-rabbit's-hair in a darkly brilliant blue. Georges Kaplan Russian sable muff. Delmanette shoes. Hattie Carnegie jewellery.

Centre: Dinner suit to make from two parts of Vogue Pattern S-4832 and, preferably, lace. We've worked it out this way—black lace, lined to the edges with black taffeta (there's no facing for this jacket—the end result should be as smooth as butter). One word of advice: the plainer the lace, the less cutting and seaming involved. Lace by MacCarthy. Black-dyed fox muff: Goodman Bros. & Stamler. Gloves, both pages, by Superb.

Far right: This dress—a glissade of stiffened satin that rises a cut above the slipper-line at front—clearly for big evenings, and clearly a beauty-maker then. Blueprint for it: Vogue Pattern 990. Fabric for it might be, as here, champagne-coloured silk satin by Chardon-Marché. Rhinestone jewellery by Bogoff. Pseudo-pearls by Marvella. Shoes: I. Miller.

For back views, sizes, yardages, see page 144.





VOGUE PATTERN S-4832

VOGUE PATTERN S-4835

COFFIN

VOGUE PATTERN 990



GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL

There is a delightful inn, Ballylickey House, in Bantry, County Cork, Ireland. It is run by a nephew of Robert Graves; Paul Hyde Bonner, the novelist, reports that both the cellar and the food could be rated five stars. The chef, need we add, is French. While there, one might look into arrangements for "pony treks" to such beauty spots as Loch Ine, Glandore, and the Mizen Head, on horses obtained from the local hunts. For these trips, write Miss Nan Conner, Manch House, Ballineen, County Cork.

Morocco longs once more for Americans, offering its chalk-white walled cities, its markets, its sandy beaches, its Arizona kind of weather, and, of course, its famous hotels. (Still French staffed, these have as magnificent food and service as ever.) One can hire a car and travel over excellent roads. Start from Tangier, a cosmopolitan city (stay at the hotel El Minzah or the Rembrandt); go on to Rabat, where the King (formerly Sultan) lives; stay at the Balima or Tour Hassan. Drive then to Idriss, which juts into the plain like the prow of a ship; then on to Fez, ancient, unspoiled (stay at the Palais Jamaï, a former Arab palace, in which one room of a square tower overlooks the city); then to the international oasis, Marrakech, out on the desert (stay at the Hotel Mamounia in a green garden of palm trees, orange and lemon groves). Leave the country at Casablanca (where President Roosevelt and Sir Winston Churchill met in 1943), after staying at the Hotel Anfa. The Guide Michelin puts out a guide indispensable for travellers to Morocco; this can be ordered through good bookstores.

Mexican Escapes: Right at the tip of Baja California is a small, impeccable new resort, Las Cruces Palmilla. Its Spanish buildings are strung along the water, and on the Gulf side lies one of the largest marine traps in the world, so that deep-sea fishing, as well as swimming and lying around are the things to do. It is under the same management as the beautifully-run ranch, Las Cruces. This is near La Paz, just north and east of the tip, with its own landing field, and can be reached only by yacht or plane. It has miles of beach, tennis courts, and excellent fishing. For reservations at both places write A. C. Rodriguez, Las Cruces, Box 40, La Paz, B.C., Mexico. Right in the village of La Paz is the Hotel Los Cocos with a wide, gay terrace overlooking a harbour full of boats. There are dancing under the stars to soft guitars, a private pier that has ample fresh water for visiting yachts (quite an item down here), and the best bar in town. The bedrooms have wide windows, tiled floors, and fireplaces. Write to the owner, Jorgé Escudero, who speaks English.

Across Mexico, just off the east coast of Quintana Roo, near the Mayan ruins, is the island of Cozumel, vivid with flowers and the bright-coloured fish of the Caribbean Sea. The main sports are deep-sea diving in translucent water and shopping (it's a free port). A twenty-five-room hotel has just been built, touting such rarities as inner-spring mattresses, twenty-four-hour electricity, and private baths. Reached by air from Mérida in Yucatán. Rates: $12 a day with meals. Write Barbachino's Travel Service, Box 90, Mérida, Yucatán.

Out near the end of Long Island, New York, is East Hampton, once a substantial whaling village. After the summer people close their houses and clubs, it slips into peace, and the huge elms, picket fences, the old graveyard sloping to a pond on the village green, come back into focus. On the wide main street is the 1770 House, *a small clapboard building, old enough to have a Dutch oven but remarkably well-packed with pretty guest rooms and baths. Open all winter, with a taproom in the basement and meals well served in the small dining room (or even breakfast in bed), it provides a delectable inn for those who want to shoot geese or duck in late autumn, or walk the wild stretches of wintry beach, and still enjoy a good first-run movie on Saturday nights.*

Open choice, open stock

Facing page: A room furnished with a surprise element—there isn't a single one-of-a-kind object, not so much as one antique in it. What it represents is an exercise in choice—an open choice in terms of open stock. Everything here is produced in quantity, made with care. Part of the care comes from the selective process of 1957 craftsmen here and abroad, a process of plucking good design ideas from all centuries, all countries. Here, a sampler of what we mean: On the walls, panels of American cypress weathered to a cool silvery grey; also home-grown, a creamy white rug woven by Berven of DuPont nylon. Curtains of Dacron-and-silk taffeta with an Italian Renaissance pattern, white on off-white; printed by Eaglesham Prints. The olive-green bedspread, a blend of Dacron and silk antique taffeta, by Shulman Fabrics. Directoire-by-nature: a mirror framed in 20th-century polished steel. Beneath it, a light fruitwood chest, on Palladian lines; just visible, right foreground, a Directoire-inspired chest of burled walnut; both these, by Baker. From Italy's modern craftsmen: a baroque headboard of gilded wrought iron; a pineapple of olive-green and white tôle; a painted armchair of 18th-century Venetian ancestry, 20th-century American ideas about seat fabric—white DuPont nylon from S. M. Hexter. Made in France now to an 18th-century design, the tôle bedside lamp. This plan, devised by Alexandra Gignoux of Lord & Taylor. Everything shown here, at Lord & Taylor. More good-design elements, here, now: pages 118-121.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



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THE LESS KNOWN WINES OF FRANCE

An expert wine man discusses the pleasures of these wines, all to be bought in this country

BY TOM MARVEL

A book could be written on the less known wines of France; the wines which aren't Burgundies and aren't Bordeaux and aren't Champagnes. They're just the wines grown in favoured districts *outside* those famous areas—districts that include the greater part of the more than 213,000 square miles of France.

For France is not merely a country of famous wine districts, it's almost one big vineyard. Every vineyard, every little patch, has a name of its own, a name which, in turn, is given to the wine produced there.

It is fun to take a "wine tour" of France right in the cafés of Paris—not the Ritz Bar, or the Café de la Paix, or the George V, but the places the French themselves go to. Many of the Paris cafés are run by provincials who came to the capital with this in mind. Before leaving, they made careful arrangements to have the wine of their village delivered regularly in casks to their Parisian places of business.

These *patrons* boost the wines of their native region in their drinking places. There's nothing like the wine list of a New York French restaurant in a Paris bistro. Instead, pasted on the wall in appetizing array are such wine names as "St.-Nicolas, Quart de Chaume, Chinon, Blanc de Touraine," all by the glass. Or perhaps "Monbazillac, Rouge de Dordogne." Or "Pelure d'Oignon, Arbois Rosé, Seyssel, Rouge du Jura." Such listings tell you instantly which wine-growing region of his country the boss hails from.

It is good to know that a number of these off-the-beaten-track wines of France have been properly bottled, labelled, and shipped to the United States, and are on the shelves of many wine shops. In Manhattan, I have shopped half a dozen of the leading stores, including Astor's, Macy's, Sherry's, Lehmann's, Luria's, and Ambassador's, and have found several of these wines at each establishment. The leading wine shops in any of the larger cities of this country should be able to get many of them, if they do not already have them.

Here are a few, usually obtainable here:

MUSCADET. Grown around the old port of Nantes on the Loire River, Muscadet ("Muskaday") has nothing whatever to do with Muscatel, that sticky, sweet wine. Muscadet, crisp in flavour, pale in colour, light-bodied and very dry, is said to be the only wine grown in Brittany. It is a great favourite with the New York French colony, as well as with French visitors, notably the sailors of the French Line, many of whom are of Breton origin, and who find their favourite wine in the waterside restaurants of New York.

Muscadet, at its best with fish, shellfish, either hot or cold, or with lighter meats, such as chicken, should be served chilled. It can be served in place of a Chablis and will be new, delightful, and perfectly fitting.

RED LOIRE WINES. There are a number of these but three of the best are found in this country. I found them at Luria's and Lehmann's in New York. These wines are Chinon, Bourgueil, and St.-Nicolas de Bourgueil, the last a separate division of the Bourgueil vineyard district. Chinon, birthplace of Rabelais, is a charming little town on the sleepy, winding River Vienne and the wine called Chinon was the great doctor's favourite of favourites.

All of these wines, known also by the general name of Touraine wines, are said by French connoisseurs to have a hint of raspberry in their bouquets, particularly when young. The vintages commonly met with here, however, have acquired several years of bottle-age and, to me, are reminiscent of a light-bodied red Bordeaux, but a bit fruitier, more vivacious and gay. They are not great wines, and never will be, but they are wholly and utterly delicious served as you would clarets or Burgundies, with all kinds of meats and particularly with roast lamb, beef, or veal. Their fruity "bounce" enables them to stand up even to the pungent ham.

MONTLOUIS. Everyone has heard of Vouvray by this time, but how many know of Montlouis? Just across the Loire River from the Vouvray vineyard district (note how carefully the French define the legal limits of wine names) grow the wines entitled, not to the name Vouvray, but to the name Montlouis. They are first cousins of the Vouvrays, usually semi-sweet, golden in colour, and with a pleasing fruit acidity which balances the light sweetness. (Excellent with trout or frogs' legs and similarly light-flavoured *plats*.)

MONBAZILLAC. A golden, mellow-sweet wine, reminiscent of Sauternes and produced from the same kind of grapes which yield this majestic wine, Monbazillac comes from near Bergerac, in the Dordogne country. It is made from thoroughly sun-ripened grapes that are so sweet to begin with that some of their natural sugar remains in the wine *(Continued on page 143)*

OPEN CHOICE, OPEN STOCK *contd.*

Expanding the creative choice idea in decorating (see page 114)—a thirty-seven-point charting of more good-design elements; the choice is based on ideas from America. Italy, England, Haiti, Japan, and points between.

1. Mexican sling chair: black leather, mahogany, and brass. Karl Mann.
2. Harewood screen—maple spindles. Various sizes, to order. Karl Mann.
3. White plastic wastebasket. At Stern's.
4. Tall pewter mug from Vienna. At Lord & Taylor.
5. Venetian glass lamp: brass-waisted; strong colours. Bonniers.
6. Domestic Samurai swords: Japanese carving set. Gifts Contemporary Shop.
7. Burgundy glass—French hand-blown crystal. At Baccarat; C. D. Peacock.
8. Shirt-stud tab'e—shaft of white-enamelled aluminum, white marble top. By Eero Saarinen. To order: Knoll.
9, 10. Coffee bearers—Japanese white porcelain. From Stark-Valla: Halle Bros. Black Lucite tray, home-grown. At Bonniers.
11. Italian woven basket. From Bonniers.
12. Italian Provincial chair—black lacquer; rush seat. Piazza Montici.
13. Carpet idea from Haiti—deep thick sisal. Natural, black, any colour. Roy Williams.
14. Japanese tatamis—straw matting. Various sizes. Azuma.
15, 16. Also from Japan: hardy Jade tree, to order. Wadley & Smythe. Lacquer tub, separate brass liner. From Karl Mann.
17. Quick way to marble: creamy vinyl tile. By Amtico. Through decorators.
Occupying the sling chair: an Australian Silky Terrier, one of about 150 in this country now — gay, black-and-beige coloured, with shoe-button eyes.


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15, 16
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OPEN CHOICE, OPEN STOCK *cont.*

18. Lamp that could be chosen on its metal—
steel polished like pewter, plus satiny brass.
A Directoire shape, made in America now.
From Keefe Associates.
19. A fine light cherry wood table—a reversible
panel, inlaid with chess- or checkerboard;
backgammon below. A square folding top can be
added for bridge, or dining; sliding extensions
on either side. These, and the top, leather-covered.
By Cassard & Walker. Through decorators.
20. Salad days in a Royal Worcester pitcher—
an 18th-century leaf-wrapped pattern,
going strong now. Altman's.
21. Window shade or wall covering—panel of natural
dried rush, woven tautly with white or coloured
cotton or linen. A damp cloth cleans it. Biri Weave,
from Norway. Various widths. Karl Mann.
22. Lightweight Danish version of a captain's chair—
natural oiled oak and a seat of woven cording.
By Hans Wegner. Bonniers.
23. Italian copies of old faïence trompe l'oeil—
scalloped pottery plates you have to touch to disbelieve.
Lowestoft House; Neiman-Marcus.
24. Tufted 19th-century sofa. Tufted
footstool—to use as a hearth bench (or for feet).
Both, by Imperial Craftsmen. Through decorators.
25. Mobile two-tier table of light-finished mahogany;
top tier, inlaid with brass-bound leather.
By Harvey Probber. Through decorators.
26. Italian Renaissance idea—painted wrought-iron
headboard, baroque scrolling.
By Woodard Furniture. W & J Sloane.
27. Same inspiration—a mirror framed deeply with
hand-carved gold leaf; 11½" x 13" high. Karl Mann.
28. United Nations chair—made in the Philippines,
of Japanese-American design; upholstered in fine-wale
American corduroy, woven of Belgian linen.
One of a teak and rawhide series, by McGuire.
Available through decorators.
29. Petalled bowl—reproduction of an 18th-century
Coalbrookedale compote like an open flower.
Lowestoft House; Neiman-Marcus.
30. Slim two-door marquetry cabinet to hang on a wall,
or stand by it. Oil-finished walnut; teak and walnut
parquet-patterned on the doors. Inside: movable shelves,
lined with white Micarta.
By Arch Gordon, to order at Cassard & Walker.
31. Copy of an old French chandelier—an
eight-branched iron pineapple, with the patina of old
pewter. Comes wired. Lord & Taylor.
32. A shell bowl of creamy alabaster with russet
veinings—an Etruscan shape, made in Italy now.
For fruit, or decoration. Lord & Taylor.
33. Danish stainless steel platters
with this advantage besides a good clean shape:
no polishing needed. From Bonniers.
34. Hunting stool, 18th-century, made now in polished
steel. One of a series by Keefe Associates.
35. Solid teak drop-leaf table with open fin
gate-leg base. Open, seats 8; closed, takes up only
18" latitude. From John Stuart's Danish Craftsmen
Collection. Through decorators.
36. Opaline glass revival—here, in a melon-shaped bowl;
milky glass with the glow of opal, conjured up in
Murano now. At Lord & Taylor.
37. More news from Italy—copy of a Louis XVI
chair. Tie-on silk pad covers, caned seat and back.
The rest: natural patine walnut. From Dinolevi.



18



19



21



28



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The L-shaped living room—
at the top of the L,
the dining table,
designed by Mr. Reinares;
on the left wall, a
Goya portrait, painted
when the artist was nineteen.

ILLUSTRATED CHOICE

Decorating without dogma: the Riverdale apartment of Mr. and Mrs. José Reinares





Left: Mr. Reinares' desk,
his own design, with white Formica
top, slender metal legs.
In the bookcase: a cheering clutter
of books and art, with a pair of
Empire vases, a Pompeian head.
At the right: a Tripoli
campaign chair, direct ancestor
of the now famous "sling" chair.



KERTÈSZ

Studio-bedroom of the Reinares' daughter, Alita. Above the bed, trompe-l'oeil paintings by her father, based on a mind's-eye view of their house in Argentina. At the far left: his crayon portrait of Alita.

Within the limits of a modern four-rooms-with-terrace apartment, Mr. and Mrs. José Reinares and their daughter, Alita, a young artist, have collected paintings, furniture, and a mix of whatever they like best with an engaging disregard for "period," style, or decorating orthodoxy. In the big, white, L-shaped living room, used as dining room and study as well, one wall is a stretch of bookcases; the facing wall, all window, with a spreading view of woods and Hudson River. Mr. Reinares, an industrial designer and architect from Argentina, designed some of the furniture; among the rest are two Louis XV armchairs covered in beige leather, a pair of nineteenth-century British officers' chairs, some small Empire tables, and a comfortable sofa covered in sailcloth. On the ceiling, above the dining table, he painted a circular trompe l'oeil of birds soaring and plummeting in an Italianate sky with a collage of picture post cards, a rim of painted drapery. *(More on the following page)*



KERTÈSZ

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Reinares' bedroom; at the window, Mr. Reinares' drawing table, his portrait of his wife. *Below:* The entrance hall; at the right, a double flourish of polychrome angels.

ILLUSTRATED CHOICE *cont.*

The same free-thinking approach to decorating characterizes the Reinares' bedroom and the entrance hall of the apartment, both shown here. The beds are foam rubber mattresses set on plywood frames and metal legs, with Persian-print covers of cotton-and-silk, light blue and green on grey. On the left wall, an abstract painting, by Mr. Reinares, hangs in an eighteenth-century Florentine frame; the mat of old velvet. Flanked by two ballroom chairs, his drawing table stands against the far wall in the path of the north light. Actually, this room and the living room follow a pleasant lead established the moment one enters the apartment. Two dissimilar mirrors, the round one once part of a Napoleon III lantern, hang above the hall table. A partial catalogue of the table's contents: a small pair of Portuguese gilt mirrors, an Italian cherub, the cover from a picture album given to Mr. Reinares' grandfather by Adelina Patti.





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gilt-buckled, nail-studded, by Roger Van S.



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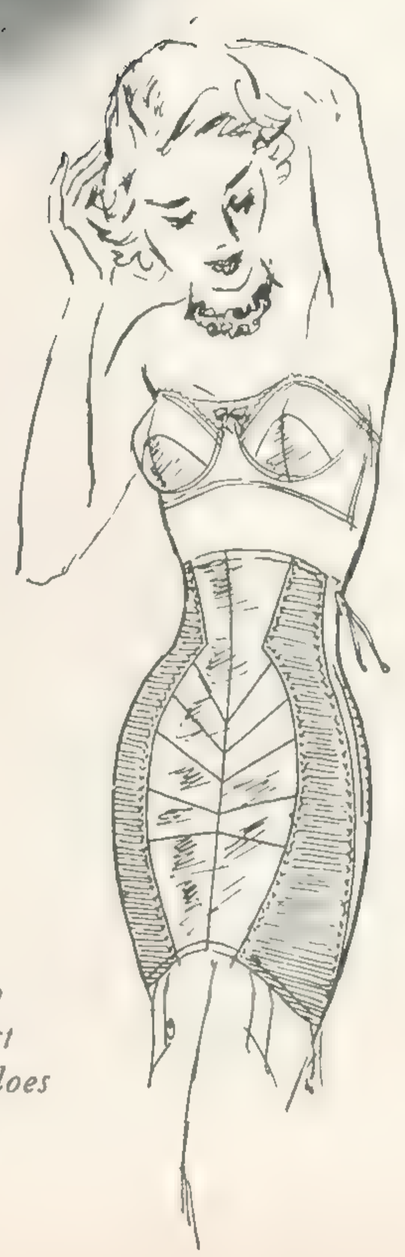
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THE YOUNG BLOODS

(Continued from page 93)

Molyneux here and er—Charles Tallent on your left."

Gillespie grunted.

"My blasted eyes," he said. "These useless doctors. You a member?"

"No. sir."

"Tallent is English," said Molyneux quickly.

"Will you have a glass of sherry, or some Marsala sir?" suggested Tallent.

"With a non-member? It's against the Club rules. But I'll have some dry sherry. What're *you* doing over here?"

"He's up at Trinity," said Molyneux.

"Oxford or Cambridge?"

"Here sir. at T.C.D."

"Here! Good God! What's he reading?"

"Medicine sir—here's your sherry." Tallent put the glass into his hand.

"I can see thank you," said Gillespie, "I can *see!* I'm not blind." He cleared his throat loudly and thrust his tortoise head out at Tallent.

"Doctors! How can a feller who sticks his finger down yer throat or elsewhere and then asks for a guinea be a gentleman? Tell me that!"

ffrench-Molyneux laughed magnificently. "Oh very good sir! Very neat, wasn't it, Tallent?"

"Very," said Tallent.

"We've been wondering, sir, if General O'Meath's likely to be coming over soon?"

"O'Meath?" said Gillespie. "Haven't seen him for months. Always at the Palace. Why?"

"He happens to be a cousin of my friend Tallent's."

"Oh does he?"

"We're—collaterals," said Tallent.

"Oh *are* you? Well you won't see much of O'Meath. Jack Verneman's just been telling me—it's this blasted upstart De Valera's government, won't take strong measures against them. We ought to have rifles here and train the staff to use 'em. Last night they blew a hole in the lodge wall down at Verneman's place and killed a couple of dozen brace of his pheasants."

"The Police—" began Molyneux.

"The *Guarda!*" said Gillespie with great malevolence. 'Hand and glove with 'em. Half of 'em have got relatives in the I.R.A. If they can't stop them leaving bombs in English railway stations how the devil d'you expect— By God, if I were your age —" he rumbled into silence.

They waited respectfully for a few moments and then Tallent stood up.

"Well, I think I'd better be getting back to my rooms," he said.

"Won't you dine with me?" asked Molyneux eagerly.

No, he thought, not tonight; not propitious. He'd failed grossly with Gillespie. Let ffrench-Molyneux stew in his insufferable Club and consume the truffles and Bollinger of loneliness. *He'd* never be elected; it was a poisonous dream as sweet as La Belle Dame sans Merci—as sweet as the remote, adorable, thrice-glorious Felicity.

"Very kind of you," he said stiffly, "but I've got to get through some reading tonight. Good night sir."

"And you're Tallent are you? Cousin of O'Meath's?"

"Yes sir."

"You know that O'Meath is a personal friend of the Family's I suppose? An equerry?"

"So I understand sir."

Gillespie chuckled, a rattling sound.

"Well, yer won't see much of him over here—got more sense at a time like this—but I'll remember."

"Thank you sir."

"I may look half dead, Tallent! I may *be* half dead but I've a good memory for *blood.*" He picked up his stick, aimed at the bell-push and thrust it forward accurately onto the button. "See that?" he asked. "See that?"

"Yes sir," they both said.

"Well it's more than I can," and he chuckled again, loud and long, choking and rattling like a dying man.

Molyneux followed his friend Tallent along to the cloakroom. Obscurely he felt that he owed him something a little less than an apology but still something.

"I'm sorry you won't dine," he said as he helped Tallent on with his untailored overcoat. "I thought we might have had a game of billiards after dinner."

"I loathe it," said Tallent, "but thanks for the offer."

"What are you doing tomorrow?"

Tallent shrugged. "Sunday," he said, "Sunday in *Dublin*."

"Bloodsome!" said Molyneux.

"Utterly!" said Tallent. "I suppose one might *walk* somewhere."

"We could drive over to the Hill-Dillan's," said Molyneux very casually.

"No thanks. Not after tonight."

Molyneux laughed. "You mustn't worry about old Gillespie."

"I'm not. But all the same."

"He liked you, you know. But really you'll have to learn to be rude back to these old men. That's what one's school teaches one—not exactly rude you know but—"

"Politely arrogant," suggested Tallent. "Sorry, but I haven't the trick of it."

They walked across the hall together, down the steps through the first pair of swing doors to the porter's office. A page boy sprang out and held the second pair of doors open for them. The porter called out, "Good night, sir," and the page boy ran on ahead to open the third and last pair of doors. They let him wait there, straining like a tiny Samson between the pillars of Dagon's temple.

"Well," said Molyneux, "if you change your mind, I'll come over and pick you up at about five tomorrow."

"Very decent of you. By that time I shall probably be desperate—the trouble is that I've spent my allowance."

"Oh don't worry about that. If you don't feel like the Hill-Dillans we'll dine in the Club. A really *good* dinner."

"Delightful," said Tallent. "See you at five then."

Ignoring the page, he stepped out into the raining street.

He was writing another letter to his father when Molyneux arrived. He heard the little car draw up outside but sat on deliberately, running his eye over the concluding paragraph of his letter:

"*. . . it shouldn't be too difficult for you to approach him and Molyneux's father would certainly second if only O'Meath would consent to propose me. Write soon!*

Ever your affectionate son,"

He got up to open the door and Molyneux sprang into the room rubbing his fat little hands together.

"My God!" he said, "You'll never guess."

"What?" said Tallent licking the flap of the envelope.

"He's *here*."

"Who?"

"O'Meath of course! Flew over last week for some shooting in Galway—"

Tallent stood stock still with his tongue still protruding over his lower lip.

"No?"

"But he is. What's more he wants to meet you. It was a most fortunate thing; I happened to be in the hall and we got into conversation and he asked me if I'd ever heard of you. Apparently he's had a letter from your father and as he's leaving on the Holyhead boat tonight, he wants us both to dine with him at the Club."

Tallent was white.

"What on earth shall I wear?"

"Oh anything," said Molyneux. "At least anything but those —I should suggest a dark suit. Have you got one?"

"Yes—a pin-stripe." Burton's he thought.

"After this, you know, you'll really have to get a tailor, and go to Tyson for your shirts."

"I know!"

Of course he would. They would simply have to increase his allowance.

"Warm your toes," he called out as he hurried into his bedroom.

He shaved in cold water and changed carefully; his best shirt, a pale coffee-colour, spotless underwear, some intact socks, a Paisley tie which had survived a recent birthday, and Grandfather's gold cuff links, crested.

On his return Molyneux looked him up and down.

"Good," he said. "Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"It's six-thirty. How do you feel?"

"Frightful," Tallent said as they got into the car.

"Everything depends on not saying too much. Let *him* do the talking."

"Of course."

"And for God's sake don't mention Them."

"You mean?"

"Yes. it would be fatal."

"Obviously."

Tallent cleared his throat. "What on earth shall I talk about then?"

"*Nothing*," said Molyneux.

(*Continued on 130*)





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THE YOUNG BLOODS

(*Continued from 129*)

"One must know how to be silent without looking—"

"Awkward," said Tallent.

"Exactly!" said Molyneux parking the car outside the towering frontage of the Club.

They ran the glass gantlet of the doors, the page boy, the porter's warmer greeting, and then began the long journey across the chequered marble to the Club fender.

Gillespie was there, his black carapace to the fire as he squatted on the fender warming his cold blood; and beside him someone tall, so tall that the hall itself seemed even more impressively proportioned than usual.

Molyneux introduced them. General O'Meath stretched out his hand.

"Delighted to meet you," he said. "I've always wanted to know my cousin George's family and if I'd had any idea one of you was over here I'd have sought him out sooner."

"Thank you very much sir."

"What will you have to drink?"

"A glass of sherry, if I may."

"And you Molyneux?"

"The same, thank you sir."

The General pressed the bell beside Gillespie.

"Will you take a glass of sherry with us?"

"Certainly I will." Gillespie glared blindly up at him. "That reminds me O'Meath, there was some young bounder in here the other day claiming to be yer cousin." He turned round. "If you could get hold of young Molyneux, he'd tell you about him."

The General leaned down smiling into the old face.

"But, my dear fellow, he doesn't need to, my cousin's here. You must meet him."

"Oh is he? Well you should set him on to exposing that other young upstart. Things may be bad over here since the Army left, but they're not so bad that we're going to have *medical* students joining the Club."

The General laughed and patted his back. He discarded him very gently like someone slipping off a tight glove.

"Well," he said sipping meditatively, "we must have some dinner. But first you must tell me about your father. I've never met him. What's he like to look at? Is he an O'Meath or has his English blood shortened him a bit?"

"No sir," said Tallent. "He's very tall but he's dark."

"Is he? We're all fair, always have been, it must be the Blythe strain; they were dark I believe, I remember my grandfather's telling me. But one gets muddled you know after one's passed the sixty mark."

"Yes, sir."

"And you're reading medicine are you? Well don't take up surgery. I can't stand surgeons. I remember once at the Palace I was taken ill and H.M. called in his doctor and for two pins he'd have cut me open on the spot. Well you couldn't believe how quickly I got better." He laughed. "They were very much amused, it became quite a joke; I can't even complain of a headache these days without one or other of 'em saying 'Send for the surgeon.'"

They joined in the easy flow of his laughter, feeling impossibly privileged.

Other members were collecting in the hall: reading the night's menu propped by Drugg on a mahogany lectern, or grouped on the squared floor like chessmen. They saw the General, there were frequent glances at the Club fender, even an eagerness to overhear his remarks; he was seen but he was not approached. Undoubtedly, thought Tallent, they were in awe of him; and realizing this he began to feel very much at his ease. A crescendo of elation possessed him, drowning out the voice of his self-criticism. He expanded, stood straighter, talked wittily, and ceased to notice his own silences.

They went into dinner and were conducted at once by Mr. Dewer, the Club steward, to the Gold Cup table, an extraordinary privilege, for it was customarily reserved for the use of the president's guests, ambassadors, titled members of the Jockey Club, or foreign royalty.

The General ate carelessly, crumbling his bread on the gleaming mahogany, dabbing his eyes with a silk handkerchief as he recounted anecdote after anecdote.

"They're overworked," he told them.

Tallent and Molyneux agreed, they agreed with everything.

"Privy Purse, I remember," he went on, "told me I was

expected to take tea with Them but it so happened that I had a most important appointment that day so I persuaded him to give me a cup himself and then went in afterwards to take leave of them; and there they all were—at a quarter past five o'clock," and he mopped his grey delighted eyes. "How wise I was—I know very well that if I had taken tea with them, I'd have been there till six or even later. They love to be together round a table."

He smiled across at them. A smile as golden as the tall cup standing isolated and magnificent beneath the subdued light of the eighteenth-century coffee room.

They felt that they had one foot in the Palace, they lit Turkish cigarettes and sprawled a little, like the General; then when, with the advent of the soufflé, he called for champagne, they waxed bold and asked him discreet questions and he answered them all.

"Nobody knows," he said, "how nervous H.M. is. That of course is why he needs us, old men like myself who knew his Father. Sometimes I wonder what will happen when we are too old to advise him any longer; but doubtless there are younger men coming along—" He stood up as Mr. Dewer filled his glass and then raised it.

"I give you a toast," he said. "To my English cousins."

They drank it dizzily and sat down again, ennobled; two of the very best of friends; their confidence in one another, their mutual aspirations, their loyalty gloriously and finally justified, sealed.

With the dessert the General looked at his watch.

"Well, if I'm to catch that boat, I shall have to be going," he said, "but don't worry about me. You young men stay on and finish that most excellent Cockburn."

"If you like sir," said Molyneux, "we could run you down to the boat train. I have my car outside."

"Have you?" he said. "That's a splendid idea—most kind of you. We'd better have our coffee in the hall while they are collecting my things. I've got rather a lot of baggage as I shan't be coming back again for several months—not probably till the start of the flat racing."

It was not until they were actually standing on the departure platform half an hour later that the General discovered his loss.

He stood there beside the open carriage door, a tall, gleaming figure with a curling hat brim over his white temples.

"Heavens!" he said, "I believe they've forgotten to put it in!"

"What's that sir?" asked Tallent.

"A packet of game," he said. "Three brace in a bass basket."

"Couldn't we—"said Molyneux.

"No time I'm afraid. The train leaves in five minutes," said the General. "And such a pity! I promised H.M. I'd bring him back some Irish woodcock. As you can imagine, he seldom gets them and he dearly enjoys them—oh well!"

They were dismayed. If he had taken a taxi it would probably never have happened. As it was they felt like errant sons.

"I was hoping to take them down with me to Royal Lodge tomorrow." The General's resignation was delicate, "But it can't be helped."

Tallent spoke. "We could go back to the Club," he said to Molyneux. "It's only ten or twelve miles to Dun Laoghaire and if we hurry, we'll just do it."

"Of course," said Molyneux as the guard blew his whistle.

The General got into his compartment and leaned out of the window.

"If you're sure? But don't worry if you miss it."

"We *are* sure," called Tallent as the train pulled out.

They turned and ran from the platform, jumped into the car, and drove straight back to the club.

Twenty minutes later a Guarda held them up when they were only half a mile from the harbour, taking a difficult corner on the outskirts of the town.

He towered over the tiny car and boomed down at them through the window and the rain.

"An' where the divil d'you think ye're dhrivin' to at that lick? Are you in a hurry to meet Saint Peter or are you out to catch the dead Tetrarch on the Curragh?"

Molyneux was quite calm. He threw open the near side door.

"Get in Sergeant, and I'll explain."

"Get in iz ut?" said the Guarda.

(*Continued on 132*)



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THE YOUNG BLOODS

(*Continued from 131*)

"Perhaps I should explain that my name is ffrench-Molyneux. Here is my card."

"Frinch Molynyer—" said the Guarda sagaciously. "And if I am supposed to infer from this that ye're the son of the Earl of Tyrrelstown, how am I to know that you are?"

"Please, my dear man," said Molyneux. "Just let us catch the boat and we'll explain everything. Tallent, let him have the front seat."

Tallent got out. "Look, Sergeant," he said happily. "We've the King's dinner aboard and we've simply got to get it to the ferry—to General O'Meath."

"So it's General O'Meath now iz ut? Sure I know him—" he said. "Wouldn't he be a Catholic if he's the man you're meaning me to know that you mean?"

"That's right," said Tallent. "He's on the boat now waiting for this parcel."

"He is?" said the Guarda dropping that part of his brogue which he used for effect only. "Well, perhaps for once—but he'd better be there."

He got in and they resumed their journey, this time at over eighty.

"Mind you," said the Guarda, as they passed through the gates of the quay. "I shall be wantin' your explanations just the same."

"Oh, that's all right," said Molyneux. "It's just a question of bringing the King his dinner."

"Now which King would that be, God bless him?" asked the Guarda. "I don't know annything about anny kings after Brian Boru."

"We'll tell you later," said Tallent, "just let me out first."

He tore along the quayside waving the basket of woodcock high above his head at the porters by the gangway.

"Stop," he shouted. "Wait!"

They looked over at him sullenly but continued to strain at the stanchions. The iron wheels shrieked over the concrete, a trumpet of steam rose whitely from the ship's siren, menacing and very sad.

Tallent increased his pace. He knew that Molyneux would do nothing unseemly despite the champagne.

"Wait!" he shouted again. "The King's dinner! I have the King's dinner here!"

They heard him but they did not stop. On the moving stern of the ship the small dark steerage passengers clustered and gazed up at him as he ran above them along the side of the quay. Amongst them, perfectly distinct, they saw the General waiting, hands in the pockets of his overcoat.

"I have it sir," he called down at him.

"Oh good, splendid!"

He saw the smile beneath the shadow of the hat brim as the General threw wide his arms to catch the bass basket as it curled through the air to land accurately against his chest.

"Thank you," he called. "Thank you, my dear fellow!"

Tallent stood there for a moment catching his breath, filled with chivalrous sentiment. An esquire, quite definitely an esquire, he thought; something of the sort.

Molyneux came up to him at a trot, like a well-bred, cossetted little dog.

"Jolly good," he said. "But you know it wasn't really necessary to—"

"Shout like that," Tallent finished for him. "I know, but damn it, I had to do something, these louts wouldn't—"

Four of the porters who were standing by began to close in on them. Molyneux took his arm.

"I think we'd better get back to the car," he said.

"No hurry," said Tallent emphatically, addressing the porters, "it's a free country despite the ruddy I.R.A."

The porters moved several paces nearer.

"For God's sake," said Molyneux.

"Who's talking about free countries?" said the nearest porter.

Tallent ignored him.

"Anyway," he said laughing sourly, "H.M. will get his dinner despite the lot of them. For once Ireland's difficulty is England's opportunity."

"Do ye know that ye was breakin' the law, thowing parcels aboard that haven't claired through the customs?"

"Yes," said Tallent, "it's illegal—like the I.R.A.! But it's tolerated just the same."

(*Continued on 137*)



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THE YOUNG BLOODS

(*Continued from 132*)

"It ought to be reparted," said the porter. "Tim boy! Go and get an o-fficial and tell him that there's a pup Sassenach infringin' the law here."

"Oh jump in and drown!" said Tallent. "We've the law on our side." He pointed, "Look he's coming."

The Guarda approached at a run. Six foot three and very eager.

"Now bhoys," he said, producing his brogue again. "What's the throuble?"

"What's the throuble?" they said. "What's the throuble? And this little spalp throwing stuff aboard the ship and shooting politics at us!"

"My friend is new to Ireland," said ffrench-Molyneux. "And he's been drinking champagne."

"Champagne," they muttered, "for a dirty Protestant!"

"Now." said the Guarda. "there's a lot in that: but I'm thinkin' we'd better keep religion out of it boys."

"Didn't he bring in the King?" said one of them. "But for the dhrink he'd taken I'd clane his teeth for him."

"You'd get a bloody nose if you tried," said Tallent.

"Now look." said the Sergeant. "This is Mr. Frinch-Molyneux from Tipp'rary and that in the boat was General O'Meath who's as good a Catholic as ever kissed the Holy Cross on a Good Friday; and finally boys, as a post scriptum you might say, this is a young Englishman who doesn't know anny betther."

"They tried to stop me—" began Tallent.

"Be *quiet*," said the Guarda picking him up, "whilst I finish." He put him down again. "As I was saying, this is the young Sassenach who's going to give you all a drink."

Gathering round the Guarda like black young round a black adult, they moved rowdily down the quayside and crossed the road to the *Purty Kitchen*.

There were no chairs. the Irish drank standing up, standing up and talking very confidentially, very fast.

"You'll have to lend me some money," said Tallent.

Molyneux looked reserved. "Will a fiver do?"

"Good God no! A pound would be ample."

"We really ought to be getting back. I can't think what on earth—"

"Came over me? I know. I know! I should have been at Eton," said Tallent. "Loyalty can be very bad form."

Molyneux didn't shrug. He merely absented himself and looked extraordinarily ugly.

Tallent ordered Guinness; eight pints, but it was not enough. Everyone seemed to be owed some sort of apology, not only the porters and the people already in the bar, but others coming in from outside attracted by the continuing argument. He had to borrow the remainder of the five pounds and order twenty more pints while all the time the words flew faster.

"The King on the other side—"

"The Re—publican Army."

"The Land Tax."

"The Porridge Walls—"

The Guarda still dominated the scene, vigilant, very erect, his helmet quite straight on his head. For a time he listened but after the second drink he began himself to talk very loudly in a strange dual language:

"By the con—stitution," he said, "in a manner of speakin', he has a title to the name of us, though mind you I'm not suggestin' that we'd be acknowledgin' him in anny way whatsoever, whether it's war or peace. Didn't Dev himself—"

"And you in the Guarda!" shouted someone. "Isn't the Castle rotten with 'em ever since they threw out the Ulster Constabulary."

"Now listen. If the Republican Army's illegal in the eyes of the constitution then why shouldn't there be what you might call degrays of o—pinion in the Guarda! Sure no one has to act on what they believe; belief is a private matter and this is a Free State."

A violent man jumped on to the bar and shouted. "Silence everyone and I'll give it you—some poetry!"

They fell silent and waited while he drank deeply.

"King Malachy wid his collar of gold

Brought low the foreign invader—"

He began but was challenged before he got any further.

"What's a king without a counthry?"

"He's no more than an exile!"

"You mean what's a counthry without a king?" said the Guarda as the violent man smashed his tankard against the barrel.

"Will you listen to me?" he bellowed. "Wasn't I in the Irish Rifles myself and wouldn't I go again—?"

"Down wid Germany!"

"Say that again Killian Fitzgibbon!" said the man on the bar demolishing two more tankards.

"I will too!"

"You'll break no more of me tomblers!" said the landlord. "or I'll have you thrown out."

"Try it! I'll smash all the glass necessary to the provin' of me point!"

"So you will? Well you can get on the floor then along with all the other dirty boots!"

The landlord grasped the tankard-smasher by the heels and shoved like a bullock. The man cannoned into three of his supporters in front of the bar and they came up fighting. Someone punched ffrench-Molyneux in the stomach and someone else flattened Tallent's nose. It bled copiously but invisibly because the lights had gone out.

The Guarda spoke. "Don't you see what you've started?" he said sadly. "And me supposed to be back on me beat in the Vico Road. We'd better finish our drinks and be movin' before they start fighting for they'll want to call me in to take their names and addresses."

"Sergeant!" said Molyneux with dignity. "Fir God's sake get us out of here. I have to get back to my Club."

"All right now. Hold still and don't be hittin' anyone." He picked them both up effortlessly and strode through the struggling bodies and the broken glass to the doorway.

Outside a crowd was surging, aggressively cheerful, singing to the music of a barrel organ which, like something in a flood. had been swept ahead of it into the narrow street.

"What's this about the King?" they shouted on seeing the Guarda.

"What's the King doing in Dun Laoghaire?"

"You're too late," said the Guarda placidly. "Gonon home now!"

"We want the King!" they

(*Continued on 138*)



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THE YOUNG BLOODS

(*Continued from 137*)

shouted. "Where's the King?"

"Didn't I tell you, you're too late! Hasn't he left on the ferry, and anyway you wouldn't have known him for he was incog-neto."

"Incog-neto," some of them sighed. "Ah, the poor old King!"

"Incog-neto!" shouted the others. "Doesn't he know what's best for him!"

"Now mind away while I get the gentlemen to their car," said the Guarda. "An' it's no use gettin' your heads wet out here for he'll not be back again, though I will and with me notebook!"

They cleared a way for him at that, more interested in the *Purty Kitchen* where the shouting was growing louder and the windows broke and the fighting spread outwards onto the pavement. An ambulance wailed in the distance and the Sergeant left them with alacrity at the gates to the quay outside the Yacht Club.

"Let this be a lesson to both of you not to be talkin' royalty in Kingstown again," he said. "A man's got to know where he stands in a republic or he's between the devil and the deep."

ffrench-Molyneux offered him a pound note but the Guarda would not see it.

"No," he said. "There's no call for a handshake of that sort. You get your young friend back to that antiquated club of yours while I attend to my duties."

ffrench-Molyneux drove back to Dublin with an excessive courtesy, but Tallent overcame his reserve and talked happily and with a great sense of equality about the events of the evening and plans for a celebration dinner with the Hill-Dillan girls immediately after the next ballot at the Club.

"That will be delightful," said ffrench-Molyneux as they drew up outside the front gate in College Green. "Do you mind if I drop you here. I rather want to get back and have a hot bath; I think I shall spend the night in the Club myself."

"Good idea," said Tallent crawling out into the rain which struck cold against his neck and cheeks. He held open the door for a moment. "You do think it's a certainty, don't you?" he asked from the pavement.

"What?" asked Molyneux with chilling patience.

"My election! They can't possibly stop me now, can they, not after this evening? Even old Gillespie, I think, must realize that my cousin recognizes me and is going to back me up—don't you think?"

"Yes," said Molyneux, putting the car into gear.

"Well, that's splendid." Tallent extended his hand and Molyneux shook it briefly. "I'll drop in tomorrow evening then and we'll have a drink together after my lectures."

"What time?"

"Oh about six o'clock."

"All right. Good night."

"Good night."

The car drove away, very fast.

The following evening Tallent was told by the porter that Mr. ffrench-Molyneux had gone out leaving no message but was expected to return quite shortly.

"Very well," said Tallent easily, "If you don't mind I think I'll wait for him in the hall."

"Very good sir."

He disposed of his overcoat in the cloakroom, washed pleasurably, and then returned to the fender where, since there was no one else about, he rang the bell and ordered himself a glass of Marsala.

Drugg took his order without a trace of hesitation, leaving him there alone with the warm glass in his hand in the towering, pillared space. The lights and shadows from the quiet fire played over the pale-green walls.

Someone appeared on the far side of the glass doors giving entry to the room. It was Gillespie, black and grey in his dinner jacket, the evening paper and a large magnifying glass in his hand. He teetered and shuffled across to the fender, glanced blindly at Tallent for a moment and then tried to sit down on his lap.

Tallent stood up hastily, his glass shattering on the marble floor.

"I'm sorry sir."

"Pick up that glass would you?" said Gillespie.

"Perhaps I'd better ring the bell sir."

"Who the devil are you?" asked Gillespie.

His hand half way to the bell-push, Tallent hesitated.

"Er –ffrench-Molyneux." he said.

Gillespie looked up at him.

"Well?"

He seemed to be waiting and Tallent coughed uneasily.

"You were very quick," said Gillespie suspiciously.

"Yes sir."

"Well, go on boy, what did he say?"

"About what, sir?"

"This of course." said Gillespie slapping the *Dublin Herald*. "If that hasn't convinced him, if that doesn't bear out everything we told the Election Committee this afternoon—read it out to me—read it out boy."

Tallent took the paper, a late night final.

"BRAWL IN DUN LAOGHAIRE." he read.

"Two young men, members of the Drogheda Club, are alleged to have been responsible for the fighting which broke out in Dun Laoghaire late on Sunday night after the departure of the Holyhead boat. Considerable damage was done to the premises of the Purty Kitchen. Some thirty people were treated for abrasions and minor injuries at the local hospital and it is understood that questions are to be asked in the Dail about a recent private and unpublicized meeting between a member of the English Royal Family and the Prime Minister, Mr. Eamon de Valera.

It is further alleged that —"

"That's enough, that's enough. Damned disgrace!"

"Yes sir."

"Just what I told you, just what I told O'Meath last night. *Medical* students! I hope you admitted your mistake to him?"

"To whom sir?"

"To the President of course, to Lord Bogoake. That was what we agreed upon, wasn't it? He assured me that once he had your personal testimony he'd be prepared to turn down any nomination flat, whether it had the support of O'Meath or not."

"Oh, I see sir." Tallent did see. He got up.

"Well," shouted Gillespie, shaking. "What *did* he say?"

Tallent retreated a pace.

"Er—he entirely agreed sir."

"Good," said Gillespie taking up his stick and aiming at the bell-push. "Very good, young Molyneux! We all make mistakes—made 'em myself—but when one's been an oppidan one learns not to repeat 'em." Chuckling, he thrust his stick home on the button. "Eh?"

"Yes sir," said Tallent backing across the hall in the remembered direction of the door to the cloakrooms.

"And what's more." said Gillespie, "it's one in the eye for O'Meath. I can't stand these damned Romans myself, can you?"

"No sir." said Tallent, his voice cracking as he called across the hall. "No sir. I can't."

He found the swing doors with a hand thrust out behind him, a hand which quested like the tentacle of something injured and in retreat. A moment later he was on the other side of the glass in the neutral territory of a corridor leading to the pantries.

From somewhere, he did not see precisely which doorway he had used, Drugg appeared. He looked patient, unsurprised, very attentive.

"Are you going out sir?"

"Er—I beg your pardon—" Tallent was still gazing out through the glass at the blind figure of Gillespie gesticulating feebly on the fender. "I was looking for my coat, Drugg."

"I have it here sir, allow me!"

"Oh—thank you."

"I could not find your hat sir," Drugg smiled.

"I have no hat." said Tallent.

"No sir. Would that be all, sir?"

"Yes."

"Mr. ffrench-Molyneux—" began Drugg.

"I don't know him." said Tallent. "Do you understand? I don't know him."

"No sir, very good sir."

Drugg opened the door for him and Tallent passed through it. He did not run as he crossed the hall for the last time: he moved very slowly.

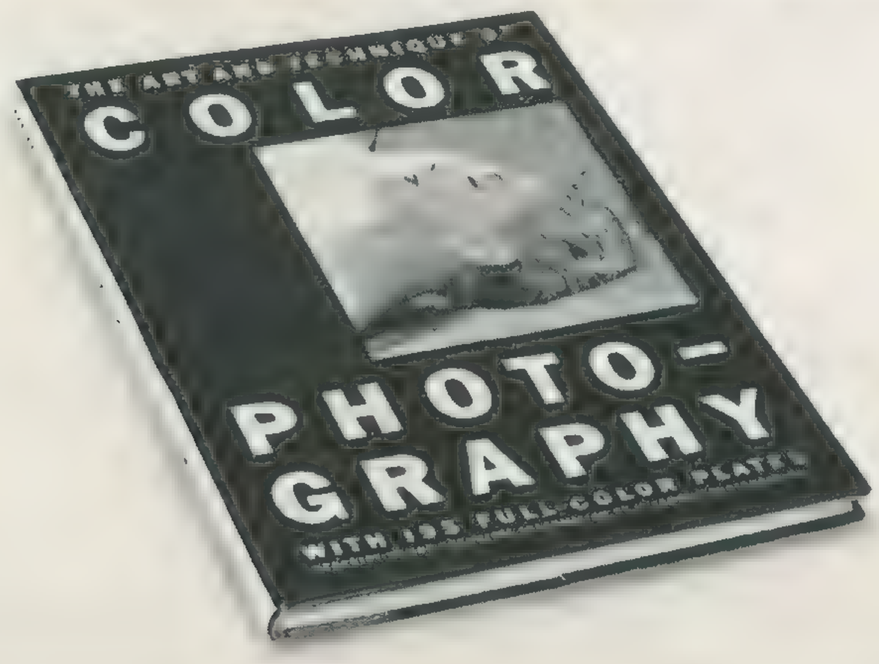
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gabriel Fielding, an exciting fresh novelist, has had only one work published here, his recent novel,* In the Time of Greenbloom. *This received unusual cries of happiness from the reviewers, practically none of whom had heard of him before. A forty-one-year-old doctor, Fielding practises medicine under his right name, Alan Gabriel Barnsley, in the south of England where he lives with his wife and four sons.*







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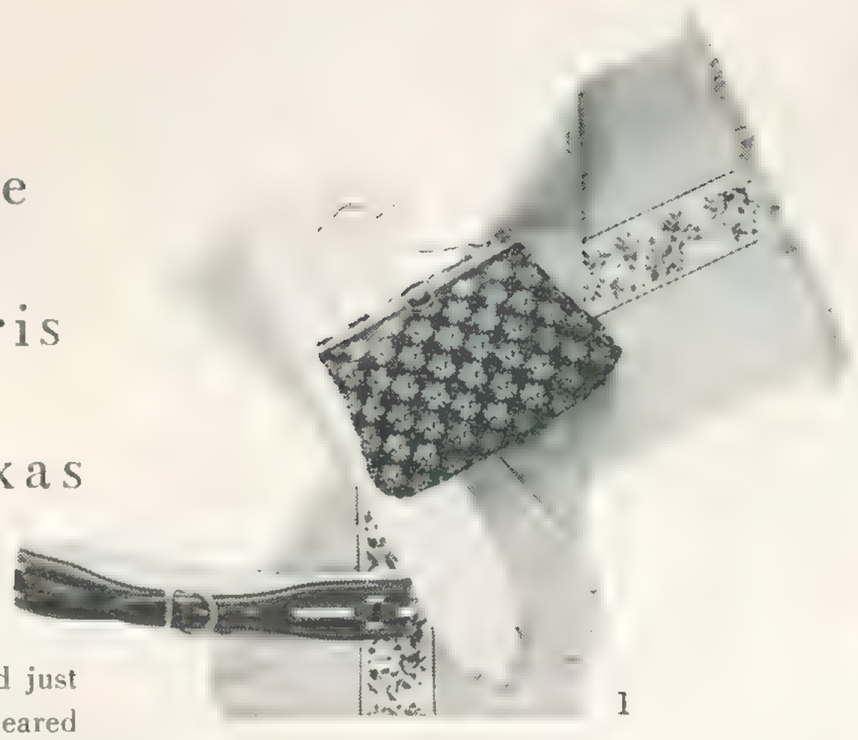


LEOM8RUNO-BODI

Evening life in the new sweater set-up

The sweatered dress for after-five—a fashion so good that it's almost unimprovable—improved upon here. Detail by detail, the fashion adds up this way: cashmere sweater in this autumn's navy-blue eased over a slender sheer wool dress in the same depth of colour. Satin, blue again, links them both—by belt on the dress, ribboning on the sweater. The special beauty of the look is a young untaxing slimness. Costume, by Vera Stewart, about $195. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Taste of Paris in Texas



Photographed just after it had cleared Customs: this collection of "little" delights from Paris— a token list of the finds found this season by Neiman-Marcus in France, and installed in the Dallas boutique as we go to press.

1. Tissue-silk scarf run through with a flowered ribbon. Next in line, Kislav gloves (which first earned their name, you remember, from *qui se lave* . . . "that which washes"). A beaded evening bag as tailored as leather. Black leather belt by Desgrange.

2. Collection that might appear together at seven o'clock some evening: Baccarat wineglass; a long silver chain jewelled with coral and enamel from Givenchy; cocktail-tray swirl cracker by Cresca.

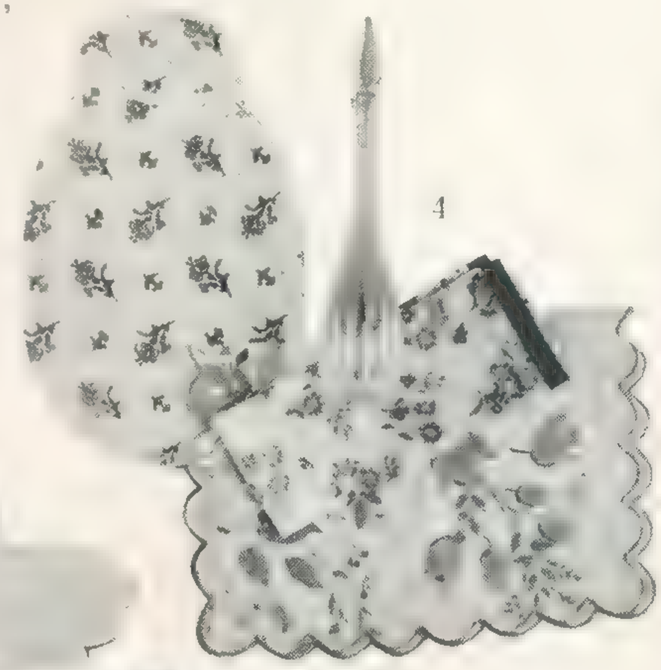


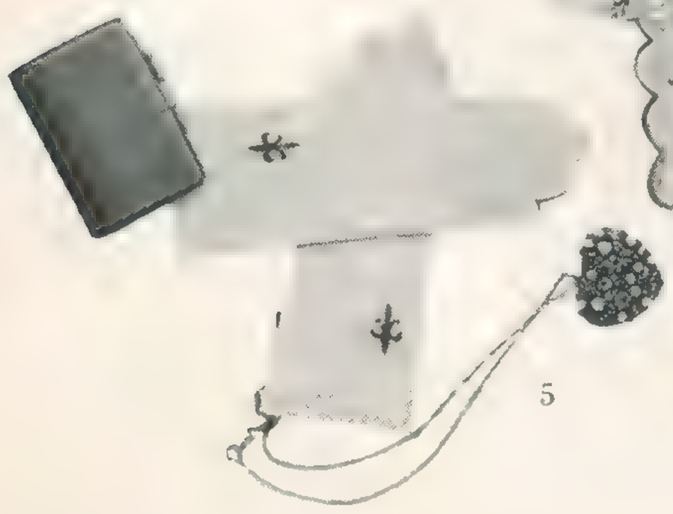


3. Against a yellow-embroidered satin scarf, a triple-purse handbag— and against that, a jewel from the Dior boutique, a delicate rhinestone bow with a quivering pearl. Gold bracelet watch by Uti, with a clasp of rubies and sapphires by-passing the time of day. Comma-shaped earrings and pin of emerald-coloured stones outlined with rhinestones. Gloves by Roger Faré.

4. Baccarat crystal decanter; Porthault flowered linens, including a flowered, quilted slip cover for a hot-water bottle.

5. Kislav gloves, emblemed for Lafayette; Hermès pocket calendar; silver and smoky-rhinestone heart on a chain from Givenchy.





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ASK THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from page 111)

or in my room. We made up all sorts of games and Clement always won. He was very good at making new rules to fit every situation. Toward the end of a chequer game I was winning, he announced that any player who had more than five men at this juncture was the loser. He had three and I had six.

When I protested, he said it was his custom never to play games unless he could announce rule changes that made the game more even. "This eliminates the advantage of people whose fathers stay sober," he explained with a malicious grin.

His father sobered up around Christmas time because Clement came over to our house toward New Year's radiant and with a new hockey stick. "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" he cried. "As you can see, my father is on the wagon."

It did not last long. His father went back to the old habits presently and the truant officer still pursued. He was threatening now to put Clement's father in jail. Clement was alarmed. "My mother is drinking now, too," he said. "Only dark ale, but drinking just the same. She sings all the time when she's drinking. Lalalafalala! It's terrible. How could I study?"

"You don't go to school anyway."

"Even if I did, how could I study? But that isn't what I mean. I mean if they put my father in jail, my mother will go foolish and then where is my home?"

I looked at him, puzzled. He smiled sadly. "All right. It is not *your* home, but it is *a* home . . . *my* home. Any home is better than no home."

I was very touched. The house Clement lived in had a leaking roof. There was no grass before it, only hard-packed ground with many holes. The building had peeling paint and instead of a cement sidewalk it had boards laid haphazardly. It was a terrible place and yet Clement did not want to lose it.

"Clement," I said, "if the worst comes, you can live in my home. I guess I have something to say about *my* home."

Clement grinned. "I guess you don't," he countered.

True enough, the truant officer finally caught Clement's father at home. The truant officer laid down the law. Clement's father listened patiently and then picked up the truant officer and threw him out the window into the mud. Clement's father became a hero to the boys overnight, but not to the police. He was put in jail.

Clement's mother went to the school board, full of dark ale, and in an ecstasy of grief and anger tore the very toupee off the head of the superintendent of schools. She was also placed in jail.

I told my mother about all this and, true Christian that she was, she agreed to permit Clement to stay with us a while provided he did chores and behaved. Clement was very grateful.

"But no goats," my mother said, "you know what they did to my geraniums."

Clement was very contrite about the geraniums. It was spring then and Clement determined to surprise my mother and make up for the goat's greed.

My friend managed to wangle a bag of dried sheep manure from a garden supply firm and he hid it under the bed in his room. It was his intention to slowly fertilize this year's geraniums until they would blossom with unsurpassed beauty to my mother's delight.

His plan was foiled though. My mother soon began going around sniffing and wondering what had happened. Joined by my father, who had an excellent sense of smell, they finally located the bag under Clement's bed and in order to avoid trouble Clement had to confess.

My mother dumped the manure in the garden and forgave Clement because his intentions were good. "You meant well," she said wrinkling up her nose and shivering at the thought.

There is, alas, not much more to tell about Clement. Under my mother's and father's strict care Clement grew so obedient, so studious, and so fat that by summer one could hardly recognize him.

Once, as he was weeding the garden, while I sat under the apple tree wondering where the old, wild Clement had gone, he said quietly, "There is a monarch

(Continued on page 144)



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WINES OF FRANCE

(Continued from page 117)

after fermentation. Delicious with sweet fruits. I found some Monbazillac at Macy's in New York.

MONTRAVEL. It could well have been of this wine that Montaigne wrote, "To drink a little of it and moderately, at each repast, is it not restraining too much the favours of God?" Here is another mellow, soft, and somewhat sweet white table wine.

CADILLAC. You may have a Cadillac in your house for a little more than a dollar. This pleasant little white Bordeaux comes from the township of that name across the River Garonne from the Sauternes district but it can't be called Sauternes, nor should it be, for it lacks the overwhelming wealth of flavour and richness that its great neighbours have. Instead, it is a light-bodied, semi-dry wine, perfect for casual meals.

RHÔNE VALLEY. The great wines of the Rhône are Côte Rôtie, Hermitage, and Châteauneuf-du-Pape. These three "greats" have in common a kind of massive, masculine sturdiness; they are full-bodied, blood-warming reds (and a few whites, too), quite able to cope with any full-flavoured roast or game dish. In fact, they will do anything a Burgundy will do.

Rhône wines labeled simply "Côtes du Rhône"—usually red—are an excellent value in our shops today and, to my mind, preferable to those bottles labelled simply "Burgundy." Good examples can be found at Ambassador's.

Hermitage, one of the great names of the wine world, has both reds and whites. They are wines of vigour and long life. The more usual red Hermitage can be served as you would a fine Burgundy. The white, dry yet rich in flavour, is superb with roast fowl.

Côte Rôtie, which means literally "roasted slope," is a true "great." Of a rich purple colour and a mouth-filling warmth and richness, it recalls in its vigour some of the magisterial red Burgundies of the Côte d'Or. Côte Rôtie is on sale in this country in limited quantities as the entire output is small.

Châteauneuf-du-Pape is one of my favourite wines, partly because it's so uniformly dependable. There are amazingly few, if any, really poor Châteauneuf-du-Papes, largely because this vineyard area is rigidly circumscribed by laws framed to protect and preserve the wine's originality, authenticity, and quality. This is the most southerly of the really great wines of France and is grown on a cobblestone-filled soil which you would think could grow nothing. There is something of that stony flavour in the wine itself, full of bouquet and body. A number of Châteauneuf-du-Papes are on American wine store shelves and are among the best buys, if you're looking for a full, rich Burgundy-style red, with a distinctive flavour. Its odd name, incidentally, comes from a venerable ruin standing in the midst of the vineyards, which was in the fourteenth century the summer home of the Avignon Popes.

Tavel. A wine blessed with such a pretty and easily pronounced name deserves to be a good wine and it is a pleasure to report that it is. Tavel (accent on the "vel") is one of the best *vins rosés*, or pink wines, of France. Some may find it a bit on the "heady" side, for it is, of course, a southern wine, made where the grapes hang heavy with sugar; it is as emphatic as the sun and the speech of Provence.

Lirac. This is another less known district adjoining Tavel. Its *rosé* wines, I think, are as good and usually less expensive.

CÔTES DE PROVENCE. This is a name signifying wines grown along the French Riviera from Marseille east to the Italian frontier. Many light-flavoured little wines are grown here, with perhaps the best of them the dry white Cassis and the pink wines under a variety of local and sometimes fanciful names. The wine Cassis, incidentally, has nothing to do with the black currant syrup of the same name.

ARBOIS. This wine comes from the Jura, a hundred miles northeast of Lyon. Reds, pinks, and whites are produced, with the most famous, the white Château-Chalon, one of the most unusual wines of France. In making it, the new wine is put into casks which are not refilled for six years or so, the wine developing a taste and flavour suggestive of a *fino* sherry. It is an admirable *apéritif* wine, dry as a Martini and deceptively powerful.

Other Arbois wines, also available here, are mainly dry, though less intense in flavour. The *rosés*, or pink wines, are among the best in France. Some of the reds are sold as *pelure d'oignon*, or onion skin, because of the brownish tint of the wine.

SANCERRE, CHAVIGNOL, and POUILLY-SUR-LOIRE. These are districts in the centre of France which produce three related dry white wines. All have a characteristically spicy aroma and flavour and are fruity. Pouilly-sur-Loire (nothing to do with the Burgundian Pouilly) is generally made from the Chasselas grape, unless the words "*Blanc-Fumé*" appear on the label, in which case it is produced from the superior Sauvignon grape. Both Sancerre and Chavignol are made from Sauvignons alone.

QUINCY. This is an attractive little white table wine which the French pronounce "can-see." It may be had in New York at Lehmann's, Astor's, and possibly other wine shops and is becoming quite popular. It has a pleasing bouquet, a nice finish, and a very agreeable taste, some say of apples.

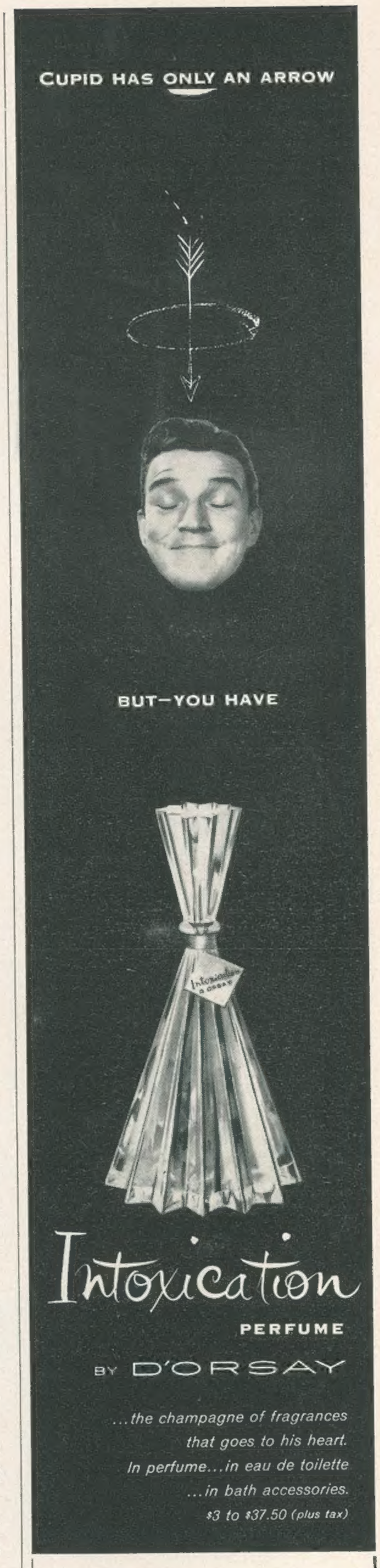
FIND YOUR OWN BEAUTY

(Continued from page 62)

as full or fuller than the upper to lift the corners of the mouth, giving the whole face a softer, younger look. By nature, a cupid's bow may be too sharp, especially in terms of current fashion which rather prefers a saucery curve. With a lip-liner, the peaks of the V should be separated, rounded; then draw the line firmly all the way to the corners of the mouth.

POWDER: Lots of it. The final coup for any make-up, according to our man Smith, is thorough powdering. Last of all, use a cool, damp towel to kill the powdered look.

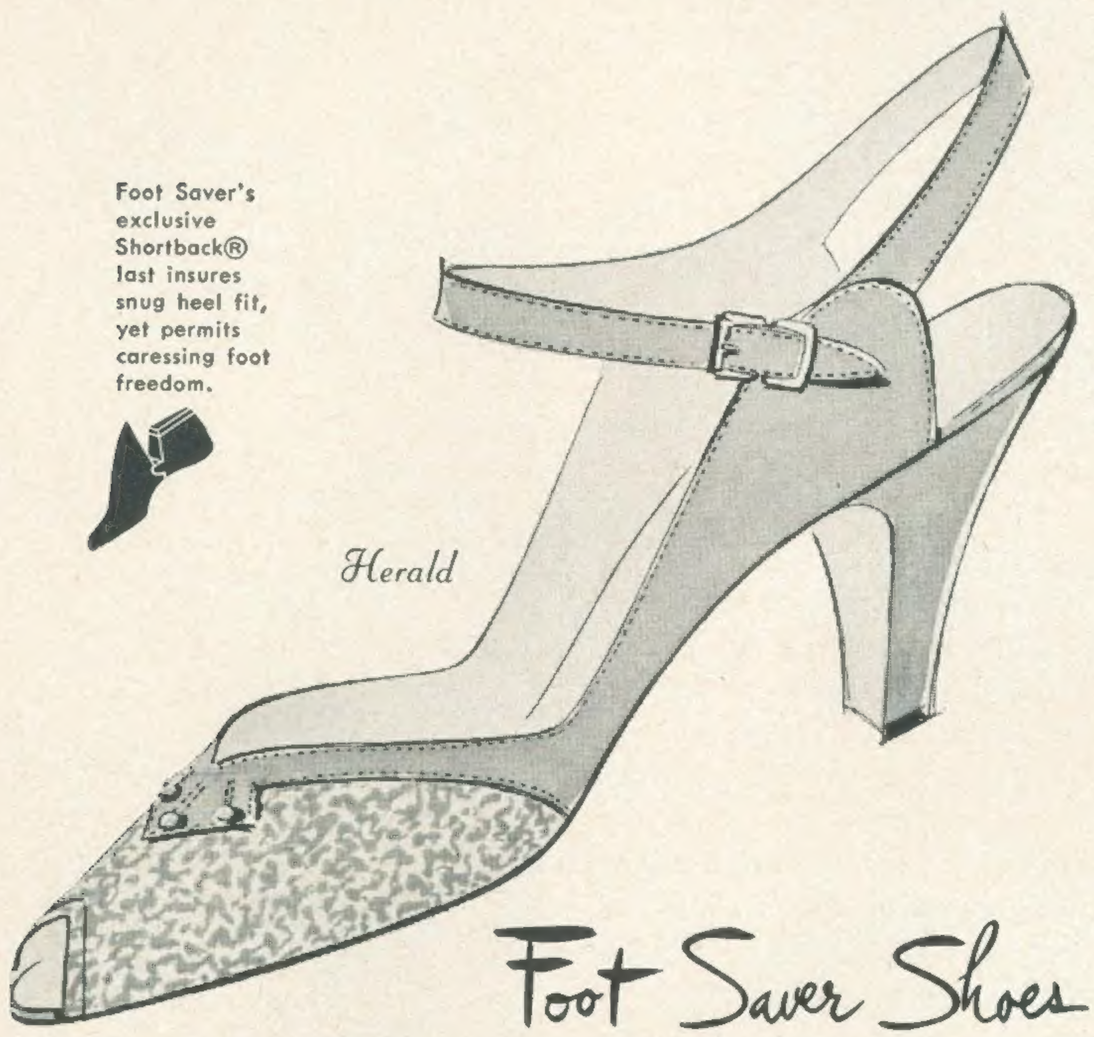
For this range of experiment, Mr. Smith's simplest ploy is the sit-down dressing table. The idea is to relax, to experiment slowly, checking at intervals with the true-image mirror trick, striving for a balance between good proportions and character. "There is no excellent beauty," wrote Francis Bacon, "that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." And we cite here: Audrey Hepburn's lavish eyebrows, Kay Kendall's divinely inquisitive nose, the mouth of a girl we knew in prep school—it had an upsweep to one corner that gave her a look of perpetual amiability. To know when you've found your own beauty, try your new face on your public, unannounced. The reaction should be, "How marvellous you look!"—*Not*, "Oh, new paint-job today."



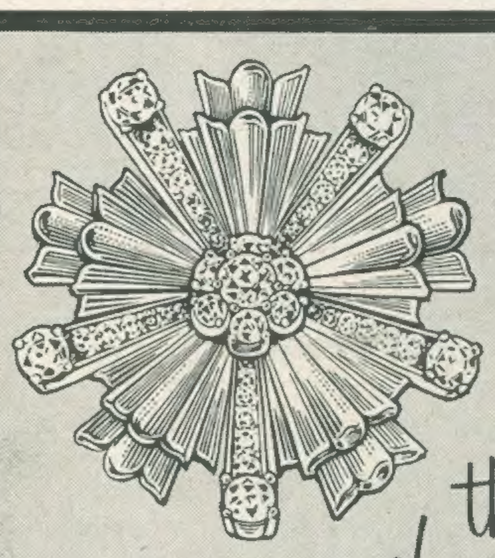


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ASK THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from page 142)

butterfly. Did I ever tell you the life of the butterfly is but one day? And suppose it rains that day, eh? How does the butterfly feel?"

"Ask the butterfly," I said lazily.

That was the last feeble spark left in the old Clement. Toward autumn the authorities decided he had better be placed in the care of his grandmother up in the country. Farm life would be good for him, the powers that be asserted.

I had spent a month on a farm filled with heat and thistles and the horrid smell of horses, and I sympathized with Clement. He looked at me, surprised. "But I will love work on the farm. I am not as I used to be. I am now a good citizen, honest and hardworking and . . . and . . ."

"Fat," I said maliciously.

"If you had been skinny as long as I, you would be happy to be fat," he informed me.

"Once," I said angrily, "you were a butterfly, Clement. Not an ant."

Clement shrugged. "The butterfly, you understand, lives . . ."

"I know," I said, and I went hastily away for fear he would see my tears.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Back views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns on pages 112-113)



Pattern S-4835. Lightly-waisted one-piece dress with a strapped and bowed back, and a bloused, waist-length jacket. Junior sizes 9 to 15 (30½ to 35); misses' sizes 10 to 16 (31 to 36). Three and a quarter yds. of 54" fabric will make both the dress and the jacket in size 14. $1.



Pattern S-4832. Suit with slim or pleated skirt (directions here are for former). Sizes 10 to 20 (31 to 40). Size 14 requires 3⅞ yds. of 35" lace for suit; 3¼ yds. of 39" fabric for lining. $1.50.
Pattern 990. Dress with an upswinging hemline. Sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). This calls for 8⅜ yds. of 50" napped fabric in size 14. $2.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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